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ALEXANDER SALKIND

presents

" SANTA CLAUS "

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Screenplay by.....David Newman

Story by.....David and Leslie Newman

Screenplay
Revised March 19th 1984

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As CREDITS end, A TITLE CARD APPEARS ON SCREEN:

In a certain time, in a certain land
once there lived and once there was....

FADE IN:

1 INT. PEASANT BARN DWELLING - NIGHT 1

ON THE UPTURNED FACES OF TWO CHILDREN-- one looking up with rapt interest, one half asleep on the neck of a lamb, as they listen to an OLD WOMAN tell a story.

OLD WOMAN (v.o.)
....and then the ice mountains cracked open and beautiful, beautiful lights shown in the sky and out came the vendegum, hundreds of them in their bright coloured clothes!

WIDEN TO SEE wide-eyed CHILDREN listening to the tale being told. Their ages range from young teenagers to the smallest of all, a little GIRL of 3, who now interrupts:

LITTLEST GIRL
Granny, what's a vendegum?

The CHILDREN sit on the floor, while scattered about the room are about nine or ten ADULTS-- all peasants, clad in simple homespun and leather tunics-- and various FARM ANIMALS-- goats chickens, dogs, etc. sleeping near the open hearth.

OLD WOMAN
The vendegum, those are the little men who live in the ice mountains way up at the top of the world, under the North Star. ***

LITTLEST GIRL
Inside the ice?
(awed)
Are they as little as me?

FAVOURING AN OLDER BOY, about 13, stationed by the window and peering out anxiously.

OLDER BOY
("outgrowing" fairy tales)
This is the same story as she told last year.
(impatiently)
When is he coming? When is he going to get here?

ON THE ADULTS

.../...

AXEL
On a day like this, he'd be crazy to come this far.

VIKTOR
The road from the village must be blocked. Even those reindeer of his couldn't make it through.

MARTA
It wouldn't be Christmas without him, would it? He hasn't missed one yet.

1A FAVOURING THE BOY AT THE WINDOW-- as he spots something outside. 1A

OLDER BOY
It's them! Here they come!

Story-hour forgotten, the KIDS run to the window to look.

2 EXT. PEASANT DWELLING - NIGHT 2

This is a crude barnlike structure in the Middle Ages. We are on the outskirts of a village in Northern Europe. It is a windy, snowy winter afternoon.

3 Coming down the road toward the barn is an open sleigh pulled by TWO REINDEER (DONNER AND BLITZEN). 3

4 CLOSER-- Holding the reins and urging his reindeer on, is a stocky man in his 50's. He has a short beard and is dressed in a somewhat threadbare tunic. His collar is turned up in an attempt to protect himself from the elements. BUt in spite of the difficult journey, he beams with anticipation. This is CLAUS. 4

Seated beside him, bundled up, is a handsome woman in her 40's -- his wife, ANYA.

5 As the sleigh reaches the house, CLAUS helps ANYA down and hauls out a large burlap sack, filled with lots of things. Heads down, struggling against the wind, they trudge to the door of the barn.

6 INT. PEASANT BARN DWELLING - NIGHT 6

As they enter, CLAUS is immediately mobbed by the excited, happy CHILDREN. Delighted, he begins to laugh. While the men push the door shut behind him, the KIDS clamoring and grab for the burlap sack.

ONE CHILD
What did you bring? What did I get?

CLAUS
(laughing)
Wait, wait-- don't I hear something first?

ALL THE CHILDREN
(in chorus, remembering their manners)
Happy Christmas, Uncle Claus.

Some of the kids help him heft the big sack. ***

CLAUS
All right now, everybody stand back.

He begins to take from the bag a wonderful selection of hand-carved wooden toys typical of that era: wooden hoops, nine-pins, balls, covered figurines of animals, etc.

ON THE ADULTS, watching with broad smiles:

AXEL
Cutting wood all day for the whole village is enough to exhaust any man. How does he find time to make all those things?

ANYA
(fondly)
He makes time. What can I tell you? It gives him pleasure.
(a somewhat melancholy smile on her face)
Tomorrow, believe me, he will begin making the toys for <u>next</u> Christmas.

MARTA
How lucky you are, Anya.

C.U. ANYA-- a trace of sadness in her eyes.

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ANYA
Yes...lucky...

ON CLAUS AND THE CHILDREN-- Many of them are playing with them all round the room. The LITTLE THREE-YEAR OLD GIRL and the OLD WOMAN approach.

CLAUS
(removing something from the sack)
Little Else. Here. For you. Especially for you.

INSERT: He hands her a wonderfully made carving of a toy elf, about ten inches high.

ELSE
(wide-eyed)
What is it?

OLD WOMAN
It's the vendegum! It's just what I was telling you.

The CHILD clutches the toy to her, thrilled and amazed.

C.U. CLAUS-- Watching her with great love.

WIDE SHOT-- The entire area is now filled with a hodge-podge of kids playing with all their new presents: balls, hoops, tops, building blocks, walking on stilts, rolling nine-pins, etc.

7 EXT. PEASANT DWELLING - NIGHT 7

Night has fallen; the snow is worse. MED. CLOSE on the two reindeer, DONNER and BLITZEN, tethered to a fence-post, and eating. DONNER, skittish, bothered by the elements, tosses his head nervously into the wind. BLITZEN is oblivious to it all.

8 INT. PEASANT DWELLING - NIGHT 8

The CHILDREN have quieted down; the smaller ones asleep with their toys. CLAUS pulls on his coat, collects his gear.

CLAUS
Well, time to go on.

FAVOURING AXEL-- who stands by the window as a near blizzard rages outside.

AXEL
Claus, stay the night.

.../...

CLAUS
(won't hear of it)
Stay the night! Listen, you great fool, that little boy of Pyotor the Blacksmith, the one who broke his leg-- he's waiting for a Christmas toy just like these ones did!
(shakes his head, incredulous)
"Stay the night", he says...

AXEL
Anya, convince the stubborn man--

ANYA
Me? I've been married to him for thirty years and I can't even convince him to come to the dinner table on time.

As she puts on her coat--

MARTA
(worried)
You can't see your hand in front of your face out there. You won't get through.

CLAUS
My reindeer? Donner and Blitzen can get through anything!

VIKTOR
One of them already got through two bags of feed.

CLAUS
(fondly)
That's Blitzen. The only reindeer in the world who's half-pig. Come Anya, the boy is waiting for his present and it's all the way on the other side of the forest.

AXEL
(shaking his head)
You really <u>are</u> a good man.

CLAUS
Good? Good has nothing to do with it. It's what's fair, that's all.
(pause)
But your're right, as men go, I'm not bad.

AXEL shakes CLAUS' hand in farewell as ANYA says her goodbyes to *** the women with lots of quick hugs and "Keep well's" etc. The couple then leaves the barn.

.../..

9 EXT. PEASANT DWELLING - NIGHT 9

CLAUS and ANYA climb back in the sleigh and he tugs at the reins. As the REINDEER begin to pull the vehicle down the road, the PEASANTS, in B.G., stand clustered in the doorway, waving goodbye. The weather is as advertised.

10 ON THE SLEIGH-- ANYA huddles beside CLAUS, who smiles. 10

CLAUS
Did you see those faces when they saw the toys? They love their Uncle Claus, eh?

ANYA
(quietly)
...Only an Uncle...

The sleigh MOVES ON, AWAY FROM CAMERA.

11 EXT. FURTHER ALONG THE ROAD - NIGHT 11

P.O.V.: Snowflakes flying right INTO LENS, the way it looks when you drive in a blizzard and can't see the road.

ON THEM

CLAUS
Come on, Blitzen, pull harder!
(to ANYA)
He's got so much food in him it's weighing him down.
(looks at her)
Anya, don't start---

ANYA
Is it fair that you love children so and we have none of our own?

CLAUS
(an old and unwelcome subject between them)
What's meant to be is meant to be. What isn't, isn't.
(anxious to change the subject)
Donner! Don't drag your hooves! Yo!

LONG SHOT-- The sleigh moves slowly through thick snow, piling into deeper drifts.

12 EXT. FROZEN LANDSCAPE - NIGHT 12

We can just make out the barely advancing sleigh in the swirling flurries.

.../...

CLOSER-- ANYA huddles in her coat; CLAUS at the reins, wiping the snow from his eyes, looking confused and a bit alarmed now.

CLAUS
Where's the East Road?
(looking about him, seeing nothing recognizable)
It should be here, somewhere around here!

ANYA
(frightened)
Are we lost?

CLAUS
No, no, we just have to follow the road and turn before---
(peering ahead, squinting)
I can't find it, Anya! I can't see the road!
(suddenly snaps the reins)
Hey! Come on! Must be stuck in a drift.
(barking out commands)
Yo! Yo! Hi-up!
(no response)
Blast!

Furious with himself, his predicament and his reindeer, he gets down out of the sleigh to see what's up with the animals.

13 NEW ANGLE-- As he comes closer, the two reindeer, standing almost frozen in place; suddenly BLITZEN slumps and falls to his knees. 13

14 14

CLAUS
(trying to lift him to his legs but unable to)
Blitzen! Get up!

ANYA
(from the sleigh)
What is it? What's wrong?

CLAUS
Nothing, nothing--
(blustering, trying to act tough with them:)
Look, you want to stay here and freeze to death?? Or do you want a nice warm barn and food, eh? Eh?!

15 Suddenly, DONNER falls to his knees as well. It's really very scary now-- ominous, mysterious, and accompanied by howling wind. 15

.../...

16 ANYA (o.s.) 16
Claus! Come back, I can't see you!

CLAUS
Anya, wait---
(rubbing DONNER briskly)
Come on, boy, try to get up, come on, my good boys.

17 The reindeer slump further to the ground, seemingly frozen into a semi-coma. 17

18 ANYA 18
(terrified)
Claus!

He runs back, fighting the headwind, and gets in the sleigh. As he reaches to hold her and warm her, MOVE SWIFTLY INTO C.U. ANYA-- overcome by a great drowsiness, her eyes close and she falls, unconscious, into him.

CLAUS
Oh my God! Anya---

He starts to hug her, rub her arms, but as he does so, his energy quickly leaves him. In moments, he, too, falls into a deep "white sleep".

WIDE ANGLE-- The sleigh, the reindeer and the two people seem to be frozen in place. The whistling wind and the heavy snow churn around them.

19 C.U. DONNER-- Eyes closed, "frozen". Suddenly, something extremely odd happens. The sound of the wind abruptly stops. The blizzard comes to an instant end. The snow flakes disappear and the air becomes incredibly clear. Where seconds ago there was noise and turmoil there is sudden and perfect silence. DONNER opens one eye. Blinks. Then the other eye. A look of startled alertness. His ears prick up sharply. He rises to his feet. The landscape is now bare of trees; The night sky is glittering with stars. 19 ***

WIDER-- DONNER leans his head and nudges the still "sleeping" BLITZEN sharply. BLITZEN opens his heavy-lidded eyes. Then he, too, pricks up his ears and stands, alert and staring.

DONNER turns his head back towards CLAUS and ANYA and snorts loudly to get their attention.

20 TIGHT TWO SHOT-- CLAUS "comes to". He looks in wonder at something ahead of him, off-screen, and nudges his wife awake. ANYA now opens her eyes and the two of them look off, upwards. 20

CLAUS
(total awe)
Anya!

.../..

21 P.O.V. ANGLE UP on the clear night sky. There the North Star 21
suddenly shines brightly, twinkling like a beacon. PAN DOWN
TO REVEAL an extraordinary display of twinkling lights that
seems to fill the sky-- a kind of enormous illuminated Christ-
mas Tree.

22 AS SHOT WIDENS, WE NOW SEE below it, on ground level, hundreds 22
of flickering lights, moving toward the sleigh. The effect is
totally magical and mystical, like nothing of this earth.

23 ON CLAUS AND ANYA-- Simply terrified. 23

ANYA
What.....??????

24 P.O.V., VERY WIDE, LONG SHOT: Now, as the lights come closer 24
we SEE that each light is a flaming torch. And as the torches
move toward CLAUS and ANYA, we begin to realize that each is
being held aloft by a small creature: the ELVES, the little
people, each looking like a living version of the carving
CLAUS gave to the little girl. The army of ELVES approach in
silence, each one of them clad in traditional pointed hat,
woollen tunic, leather belt, jerkin and boots with turned-up
toes.

Sound: From the very first sight of the glittering lights, we
begin to hear a strange and unidentifiable chanting. It is
only when the ELVES are practically upon the sleigh that we
realize we are hearing hundreds of voices murmuring, "Welcome.
Welcome".

25 NEW ANGLE-- A totally flabbergasted CLAUS and ANYA peer 25
around them. DONNER and BLITZEN exchange looks: What is going
on?

One of the ELVES now steps forward. This particular fellow is
an older more mature elf-- white-haired and rosy cheeked. The
spokesman for the entire colony, this is DOOLEY.

The ELVES' manner is one of great expectation. They are extrem- ***
ely curious, a teeny bit hesitant, but sincerely warm and
friendly as they approach the frightened couple in the sleigh.

DOOLEY
Welcome!

ANYA lets out a little shriek-- the creature speaks!

CLAUS
(barely able to
utter the words)
The...the...vendegum???
(thinks he's dreaming)

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ANYA
The little people?

DOOLEY
We prefer to be called elves, if you don't mind.

CLAUS
(blinking)
You...you...you

DOOLEY
(easy-going)
I'm the one called Dooley... We've been expecting you. ***

CLAUS
Expecting us?

DOOLEY //
(with great warmth)
For a long, long time. We almost gave up hope.

CLAUS
(to DOOLEY)
Where are we?

DOOLEY
Home.

ANYA
No, no, no, our home is far from---

DOOLEY
(gently)
Not any more. This is your home now.

ANYA
(befuddled)
What?? What does he mean?

CLAUS
(to DOOLEY)
You don't understand. We live in a village a long way from this place.

DOOLEY
(a kindly smile)
You'll see, you'll see...

During the above dialogue:

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NEW ANGLE--As the ELVES mill around, one small group moves purposefully around to the back of the sleigh to have a closer look at the vehicle. The one leading the way is a leader indeed-- a bright, alert and particularly mischievous elf with a mind full of notions and a need to be noticed. There is a very special charm to him and an impish quality that cannot be supressed. This is PATCH.

The THREE ELVES with him are his cronies, his entourage: BOOG, a mechanical whiz who keeps a ready supply of tools in a belt he always wears and is quick to carry out PATCH's work requests; HONKA, who provides PATCH with his most enthusiastic audience, hanging on his every word, ready to laugh at even a feeble jape; and VOUT, a bit dimmer and slow-witted than the others, the last to catch on to whatever's up, the last to react, often in a bit of a fog. +++ +++ +++ +++ +++ +++ +++ +++

MOVE IN CLOSER as PATCH bends down, peers below the sleigh and then deftly slides under it just like a garage mechanic inspecting the undercarriage of an automobile.

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11

PATCH
(muttering from beneath the sleigh)
Bits of old rope?! Single-hinge runner connectors?! Unbelievable!

LOOKING DIRECTLY DOWN ON HIM NOW as he starts to slide out from underneath.

PATCH
I see I'm going to have a lot to teach him---

But his words catch in his mouth as he suddenly is startled to see two large legs above him--

PATCH
Whoops.

HIS P.O.V. LOOKING UP AT CLAUS, who has got out of the sleigh and is now staring down incredulously at this latest apparition (i.e. the head of CLAUS, from this worm's eye POV, is upside-down).

PATCH, still on his back, tries to recover his aplomb with a desperate grin.

PATCH
Hi there!
(gets to his feet)
I'm the one called Patch.
(quickly, talking a mile-a-minute to cover his awkward moment)
Welcome aboard, sir. Speaking for the boys and myself---
(quickly, as ANYA steps down)
You must be the missus!

ANYA
(still discombobulated)
Me?

PATCH
(cozying up)
Well! We knew you'd be nice, but we didn't expect someone so young and pretty, did we, boys?

HONKA, BOOG AND VOUT-- a little slow on the uptake, murmur agreement.

ANYA
(blushing)
Oh my....

PATCH
(pure charm)
Now, now, you musn't be elf-conscious.

.../...

His cronies nod on cue.

DOOLEY
(taking charge, firmly)
My friends, let us show you your new home. Patch, take charge of the reindeer.

PATCH
(quickly passing the buck)
You heard him, Boog. Take care of the reindeer.

DOOLEY gestures to CLAUS and ANYA to get back in the sleigh.

CLAUS
(mystified by all this)
I don't understand-- you said our new home?? But there's nothing here.

DOOLEY
Look again.

26 P.O.V., REVERSE, WIDE: Suddenly, an incredible transformation takes place before their very eyes. Where moments ago there were flickering lights at the base of the "Christmas Tree" now appears an entire village. Just like that, it's there-- actually one enormous structure (a kind of compound) but so designed that it appears to have lots of little roofs, turrets, chimneys, etc. A broad path leads directly to it. In general, the whimsical look of the place has the feeling of a toy town come to life. 26

27 ON CLAUS AND ANYA-- Wide-eyed in wonder, holding hands tightly, barely able to believe their eyes. 27

DONNER and BLITZEN, mouths open, eyes widened, exchange a look. ***

ANYA
(in a very small voice)
Where...where did it come from?

DOOLEY
It was always here. But it can't be seen by just anyone, y'know.
(calls out to others:)
Come, fellow elves! Take them to their home! Lead and follow, follow and lead! ***

.../..
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28 As CLAUS and ANYA, perched high in their sleigh, are led toward it, the ELVES all follow in a processional. 28

29 LONG, WIDE SHOT-- The ELVES and sleigh in F.G., the entire village looming in B.G. as they get closer. 29

30 REACTIONS-- On various marching ELVES, looking happy and excited. 30

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ON THE PATCH group--

VOUT
He's nice, isn't he, Patch?

PATCH
I tell you, boys, the man gives me a real feeling of elf-confidence.

ON CLAUS AND ANYA

ANYA
Isn't it funny I'm not afraid?
(wonderingly)
What's it all about?

CLAUS
Maybe it's a----?

He holds out his hand; she pinches it; he feels it.

CLAUS
No, we're awake.

31 NEW ANGLE, WIDE-- They have reached the gates of the village. CLAUS and ANYA, step down from the sleigh and follow DOOLEY. BOOG leads the reindeer off, going around the side of the compound. 31

31A FAVOURING DOOLEY-- Who is just about to make some sort of formal speech like a tour guide, when PATCH suddenly pops up beside him. 31A

DOOLEY
My friends, it's moments like this that makes an elf feel humble and proud. ***
(getting a bit long-winded:)
Proud to have this golden opportunity to welcome---

PATCH
Right this way, folks. Sixty rooms, hot and cold running ice cubes and a southern exposure in every direction.

DOOLEY opens the main door. Each ELF automatically stands on one foot and pivots 360 degrees just before stepping over the threshold. This is an elf characteristic and should occur whenever any elf enters a room or a doorway.

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32 INT. ELF COMPOUND - DAY 32

WIDE-- A truly wonderous sight greets their eyes as they enter. Vast rooms and multi-levels in every direction, all built of hand-hewn wood and looking like toys. From every corner, from behind benches and doorways, leaning over railings and peering excitedly from balconies, are hundreds more ELVES. This is the most important day of their lives.

An affable, eager to please ELF steps forward. +++

PUFFY +++
Welcome, welcome! I'm the one called Puffy. We've been expecting you.

CLAUS
(overwhelmed)
Isn't this something?

ON TWO ELVES-- gleeful and proud.

FIRST ELF
Did you hear that? He said it was "something"!

SECOND ELF
He did, he did!

ON ANYA

ANYA
(can't credit her eyes)
Oh my!

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ON TWO OTHER ELVES-- hanging over railing, chattering like monkeys.

FOURTH ELF
She said, "Oh my!" She likes it, she likes it!

THIRD ELF
She does, she does!
(they shake hands)

In a SERIES OF CUTS, we now see highlights of the guided tour.

33 INT. ELVES QUARTERS - DAY 33

A big dormitory-type space, with lots of little wooden beds with big fluffy quilts and pillows. The names of the elves are carved on the bedsteads, a la Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. Against one wall is a great open fireplace with a nice fire crackling.

CLAUS
(keeps repeating)
Isn't this something!

ANYA
Is it warm enough for all of them?

PATCH
(jumping right in before DOOLEY can utter a word)
It's exactly what I've been saying m'am. Now I've got an idea for a way to heat this entire place using pipes. Pipes? You know?
(looks of non-comprehension)
Cylinder thingies.

DOOLEY
(leading them out)
There's much more to see, folks.

34 INT. DINING AREA - DAY 34

ANGLE UP ON A HUGE CAULDRON-- smoke issuing from its contents. A round railing, sort of a bridge, big enough to support six or seven elves, goes round the lip of the cauldron. But at that moment only one is up there, stirring. This is the head cook, GROOT.

PAN DOWN to CLAUS, ANYA, and all the ELVES looking up.

GROOT
Here, missus, you must be cold and hungry.

.../...

He ladles out a spoonful of stew and leans over the railing passing it to DOOLEY who presents it to ANYA. Gratefully, she tastes it. All wait expectantly for her reaction---

ANYA
(unsure)
Oh...it's very...um...

DOOLEY
(helpfully)
Warm?

ANYA
Oh yes, it's warm, all right.
(awkwardly)
And it's very---

PATCH
Bland?

GROOT
(angrily)
Bland, eh? You try cooking for three hundred and forty-seven elves and see how much you can do!
(in a real snit)
Some want salt! Some want spice!
Some want barley, some want rice!

Miffed, he stirs the stew rigorously.

ANYA
(gently)
I was going to say it's very good.

She gives PATCH an affectionate but admonishing look, as if to say "Naughty thing!"

35 INT. CENTRAL HALL, NEAR CLAUS' RESIDENCE - DAY 35

WIDE SHOT-- In the middle of the central hall, a spiral staircase leads upwards to a cottage that has been constructed inside the compound. Although it's made of the same wood as everything else its architecture is of a more familiar, ordinary-world sort:

CLAUS
What is it?

DOOLEY
(proudly)
Your house.

ANYA
(thrilled)
Our house?

.../...

36 INT. CLAUS' COTTAGE - DAY 36

It's a wonderful, cozy cottage. Big, overstuffed chairs. A large, eat-in kitchen. In short, it's liveable and pleasant and much more attractive than the crude cottage they used to live in.

FAVOURING ANYA-- She clasps her hands together in delighted anticipation.

ANYA
Oh, it's sweet!

PATCH
(sotto voce, to her)
Bit drab, hmmm?

ANYA
What?

PATCH
(trying to disguise his words with a yawn)
Paint it.

ANYA
Well, it could use some colour.

ANYA and CLAUS walk toward the windows:

ANYA
And some little curtains, maybe?

PUFFY
How do you like the view?

37 NEW ANGLE-- CAMERA BEHIND CLAUS' SHOULDER, ANGLED DOWN TO SEE THE MAIN ROOM OF THE TOY WORKSHOP. 37

PUFFY
That's where we make them.

.../...
Contd

38 ON CLAUS-- not comprehending. 38

CLAUS
Make them?

PATCH
(with a wink, to ANYA)
He still doesn't understand, does he?

Neither does she; the man and the woman exchange a look and a shrug.

DOOLEY
Well, good people, we'll leave you now to a good night's sleep.

Beside him all the ELVES are stirring, trying to signal him. PATCH especially is making secret signs to DOOLEY and little "Psssssst, psst!" noises to get his attention.

DOOLEY
---What?

PATCH
(trying to cue him)
You forgot.

DOOLEY
Forgot?

PATCH
You know.
(sotto voce)
The tunnel! The tunnel! ***
(DOOLEY still in a fog, so Patch mouths the word, rather than whispering it: "Toys. Toys.")

39 EXT. TOY TUNNEL 39

The crowd stands outside two big massive doors. It takes nine or ten ELVES to swing them open.

C.U. CLAUS-- Eyes popping in wonder.

CLAUS P.O.V.: Looking into--

40 INT. TOY TUNNEL 40

A great tunnel stretching seemingly for miles and miles, with literally millions of toys hung on the walls and ceiling. As far as the eye can see are fantastic, brightly painted toys: dolls and wagons and musical instruments and balls and stuffed animals and puppets and hoops and all the other "traditional" classic toys, dazzling in their profusion. CLAUS and ANYA

.../...

stand, awestruck.

CLAUS
What are they?

DOOLEY
Christmas toys.

CLAUS
But what are they doing here?

DOOLEY
Waiting for you.

CLAUS
For me? What have I to do with them?

DOOLEY
You're going to give them. Deliver them. To the children.

ANYA
There must be a mistake. We have no children.

DOOLEY
(a warm compassionate smile)
You do now. You have all the children of the world. ***

CLAUS
But how can I deliver so many toys? It would take years. Even with my reindeer-- and they're plenty fast -- I'd never live long enough to give out so many toys.

DOOLEY
Still you don't see it, I guess.
(with a tone of gravity and portent)
Both of you will live forever.

CLAUS and ANYA, as you might imagine, look quite staggered at this news.

41 INT. CLAUS BEDROOM - NIGHT 41

CLAUS and ANYA lie beside each other in a big carved bed with soft pillows and a fluffy eiderdown. All is quiet, but we quickly realise neither is asleep.

CLAUS
...Anya?

.../...

ANYA
Mmmm?

CLAUS
Me too. I can't fall asleep either.

ANYA
I don't want to fall asleep. This mattress is so comfortable I hate to miss a moment of it.

From CLAUS' movements and sighs, it's obvious he can't sleep. Finally he sits upright in bed. He stands up and takes a lantern from the wall.

CLAUS
It won't take long, I'll be right back.

42 INT. ELF COMPOUND - NIGHT 42

In his nightshirt, holding the lantern, CLAUS makes his way tentatively through some unfamiliar corridors and doorways.

43 TRACK WITH HIM TO JUST OUTSIDE THE INNER ENTRANCE TO THE STABLE. As he approaches, we hear the voice of PATCH from inside the stable. 43

PATCH (off-screen)
(gently, soothingly)
Easy, boy. It's all right, Easy now....

44 INT. STABLE - NIGHT 44

C.U. A REINDEER, Looking with great interest at something o.s. PAN IN A SLOW CIRCULAR MOTION TO SEE OTHER REINDEER also watching intently.

45 THEIR P.O.V.: In one stall, cowering in a corner, fearful and nervous is DONNER. Moving in a quiet way to show the frightened animal that he is no threat to him, PATCH comes closer, reaching out to stroke him. 45

PATCH
(tender, kind)
I know how you feel, boy. Strange place. Strange companions. But we're all friends here.
(coming closer, stroking his neck)
Look at old Blitzen now-- does he look worried?

.../...

46 ON BLITZEN-- Oblivious to it all, happily chomping away at his food as usual. At the sound of his name he casts one eye at DONNER, then goes back to his grub.

47 WIDER ANGLE-- The stable is a circular structure; there are five stalls, two REINDEER in each of the first four, and PATCH's quarters are in the last one. All stalls face toward the centre. 47 ***

PATCH
Why don't you eat a little something, hmmm? It's great food, believe me. See, look, even I like it-- Yummm!

As if encouraging a baby to eat, he scoops up a bit of oats and chews on it.

CLAUS
(from the doorway)
He's like me, I guess. A little confused.

PATCH, startled, spins around.

PATCH
Oh! I didn't--

CLAUS
(coming to him)
He's always been a fidgety type.

PATCH
He'll be fine, sir, just as soon as he gets used to the place. He just needs a little elf-control.

CLAUS
You certainly seem to know reindeer.
(admiringly, as he looks at the others)
These are fine specimens.

PATCH
(proudly)
Hear that, boys? You've made a good impression on your new boss.

CLAUS
Boss? Me?

48 PATCH introduces the different reindeer, as CAMERA PANS TO EACH. Thus beginning on TWO SHOT of PRANCER and DANCER-- two very handsome REINDEER, who are, in fact, twins. They do everything together: their heads move in synchronisation, their expressions match every situation. As WE SEE THEM: 48

PATCH (o.s.)
Those two are twins, Prancer and Dancer.

.../...

49 ON THE NEXT TWO REINDEER -- COMET AND CUPID 49

PATCH (o.s.)
That's Comet, and the next one is Cupid--

COMET is scratching his antlers against a beam, while CUPID is shy at being the object of so much attention. ***

50 CAMERA MOVES TO DASHER, a sturdy, restless reindeer, who always looks like he's ready for action, anxious to get up and go. 50

PATCH (o.s.)
That one is Dasher. He loves to run, he does. He'd rather run than eat.

CLAUS
Hear that Blitzen?

51 ON BLITZEN who couldn't care less, keeps munching away. 51

CAMERA comes to VIXEN, who is snorting and grunting a great deal.

PATCH (o.s.)
And this noisy one here is Vixen. Keeps me up half the night with his snorts and whinnies.

53 CLAUS 53
You sleep here?

PATCH
Over there. Where I do my other work. ***

CLAUS
They keep you busy, eh?

PATCH
That's the way I like it!
(bubbly, effervescent)
Sometimes I get so many ideas I don't know where to keep them in my head!
(trying a few on him)
A clock that wakes you up in the morning, how about that?

CLAUS
Not bad...

PATCH
A plate that whistles when the food is too hot!

.../...

CLAUS
I like the first one better.

PATCH
One thing about me, I don't lack elf-assurance.

FAVOURING CLAUS-- Looking about.

CLAUS
But what do I need all these reindeer for?

PATCH
(a little secret smile)
You'll see.

CLAUS
(a bit frustrated)
Humph..well...this is a very curious kind of place.

PATCH
Oh this is nothing now. Wait till you see how it gets during Seasons Greetings.

CLAUS
"Season's Greetings". What's that?

PATCH
You'll see.

C.U. CLAUS-- looking exasperated.

Suddenly:

PATCH
(happily)
Look, sir! Now he's having a bite!

53A ON DONNER-- who, less fearful now, is beginning to eat his food and relax. 53A

54 EXT. ELF COMPOUND - NIGHT 54

LONG, WIDE SHOT-- ALL is peaceful and still in the starry winter's night, as the elf village sleeps in peace.

Sound: A gentle chorus of snoring, almost as if the place itself were asleep.

.../...

55 INT. SEWING DEPARTMENT - DAY 55

Another day. WIDE SHOT in the sewing room of the workshop, where the sewing ELVES sit on high stools with spring pedastels in front of wooden benches. At the moment they are working on items for *** the Claus cottage (curtains, bed-spreads, etc.). DOOLEY enters. He carries a wrapped bolt of cloth and some strips of ermine fur.

A SEWING ELF
Fur! Say, pretty posh for our usual line of stuff, isn't it?

DOOLEY
This is not for the toys. ***
(looks of confusion)
Haven't you noticed? He's been shivering with the cold since the day they got here. Not that he'd ever utter a word of complaint.
(drops the cloth on the work table)
This should keep him warm.
(he starts out)
See what you can run up. In a Large.
(stops again)
Extra-large.

56 EXT. CLAUS COTTAGE DOORWAY - DAY 56

VARIOUS ELVES are painting the living quarters, inside and outside, in bright colours. Some are hanging the curtains, *** checking the bedspread.

57 INT. DOOLEY'S LIBRARY - DAY 57

ON CLAUS, who is doing something that looks very odd. He grasps two reins in his hands tightly but seems unsure of himself in the unusual setting. As we hear DOOLEY speaking off-screen, CAMERA BEGINS TO DOLLY BACK TO REVEAL CLAUS is sitting in a chair in the room and the reins are simply tied to two pulleys attached to a wooden chair. It's like a mock flight-simulator used to train pilots. As CLAUS follows instructions:

DOOLEY
Don't pull too hard or they'll bank too sharply. Just a tug.

CLAUS
(pulling back now)
Now I'm climbing?

DOOLEY
That's it, but gently, gently. And always into the wind.

And the pupil continues.

.../...

58 INT. SEWING ROOM - DAY 58

ON ANYA, looking at something off-screen, considering it, shaking her head negatively.

ANYA
...No,...not really...no...

REVERSE ON WHAT SHE SEES: FULL SHOT of a dressmaker's dummy, built like CLAUS, draped in what we know to be the classic Santa Claus costume, except it is green. A comical sight.

ANYA
It's nice, please don't think I'm criticizing, but...well, green's just not his colour.
(trying to be helpful)
What about...

ANGLE TO REVEAL some other ELVES standing about kibitzing, among them PUFFY and PATCH.

PUFFY
What about brown?

PATCH
(brightly)
Red!

ANYA
(brightening, delighted, as she imagines it)
Yes! Red! Perfect. Matches his cheeks and everything.

C.U. PATCH-- quite pleased to be the one who came up with the answer.

59 INT. WORKSHOP - DAY 59

CLAUS is holding a sort of class, surrounded by wood-working ELVES who watch with interest as he demonstrates his carving technique on a block of wood.

CLAUS
Always carve with the grain.
(he demonstrates)
See? When you follow the natural curve of the wood you get all the strength nature gives it. Go against the grain and it can snap off.
(and he snaps off a piece to show them)

The ELVES nod sagely, taking it all in.

.../...

60 INT. CLAUS KITCHEN - DAY 60

SCENE DELETED. *

61 INT. ELF COMPOUND - NIGHT 61

In the central room, near DOOLEY's library, there is a sense of tremendous anticipation. The area is packed with as many ELVES as can squeeze in, all of them staring up at the ceiling. The door to DOOLEY's library is open. PATCH stops looking upward and calls into the library:

PATCH
Well?

SANTA AND ANYA are curiously watching the proceedings. ***

62 INT. DOOLEY'S LIBRARY - NIGHT 62

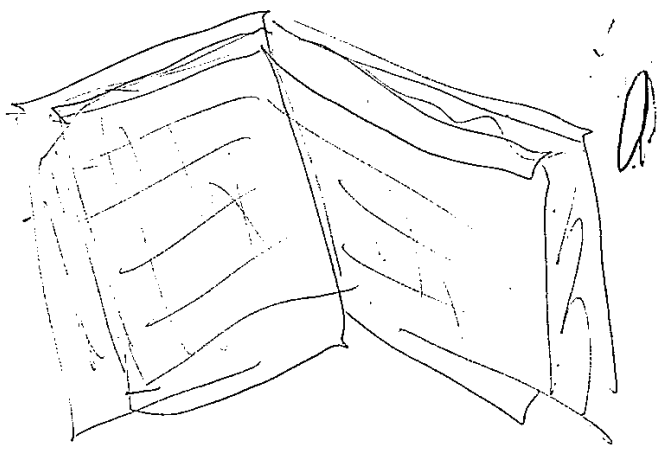
A suite of rooms which serves as the imformation centre, Post Office delivery and astronomical observatory. In one room is a vast library where the shelves themselves look like a giant book. Another room houses ~~DOOLEY's desk~~ and some chairs as well as the vast fire-place. On a raised level is a large telescope trained on the heavens through a hole in the roof.

DOOLEY is up on the platform, looking through the telescope.

DOOLEY
Coming closer now...not just yet... two more degrees north by north-west...

63 P.O.V. THROUGH THE TELESCOPE: Focussed on the bright North Star which is slowly moving through the heavens almost directly above the Elf Compound. It moves a teeny bit more and-- 63

.../...
Contd



DOOLEY

NOW!

64 INT. ELF COMPOUND - NIGHT 64

Two ELVES turn a pulley, with some lines around it. They look up. On the ceiling toward which all the ELVES are looking-- one central area of it is slowly opening. The radiant, magical light of the North Star begins to suffuse the area and then as it gets precisely on target a wondrous light beams directly down into the room as if a heavenly sign has been given. *** ***

PATCH

Seasons' Greetings!!!!!!

And then ALL THE ELVES begin to shout in chorus: Seasons' Greetings! Seasons' Greetings!" The countdown to Christmas has begun.

65 THERE NOW FOLLOWS A MONTAGE SEQUENCE SHOWING THE EVENTS AND ACTIVITIES LEADING UP TO THE FIRST CHRISTMAS EVE. IN RAPID CUTS, IMAGES AND/OR SHORT SEQUENCES ARE SHOWN-- all accompanied and in tempo with music: The MONTAGE covers a three-month period of intense activity in which everything now is an endless hubbub of busy preparation. 65

1. INT. ELF COMPOUND-- PATCH is merrily playing an organ, accompanied by other ELVES. There is a huge cello played by two ELVES, a fiddle, percussions and a wind instrument. All instruments are elf-made and in elf-style. ***

66 2. INT. TOY WORKSHOP, DECORATING DEPARTMENT -- Toys are being painted. ELVES dip the end of their long pointed beards into pots of bright colours and then use the whiskers as brushes. 66

67 3. INT. ELF SEWING DEPARTMENT--A line of SEWING ELVES sit on stools with spring pedastels. In rhythm with the music, the ELVES are sewing by hand. Gaily printed cloth comes churning out into receiving bins. 67

68 4. INT. FORGE AREA -- On either side of the fire are two enormous bellows. Between them is a see-saw. The flames are fanned ingeniously by TWO ELVES who sit on either side of the see-saw. When one goes down, it lands square on the bellows, which thereupon compresses and sends a jet of air into the fire making the flame grow higher. Then the other side of the see-saw goes down and does the same on the second bellows. On top of the flames is a cauldron. 68

PAN UP TO THE TOP OF THE CAULDRON where six SOUS-CHEF ELVES AND GROOT, THE HEAD CHEF, stand on the circular railing around the top of the pot, passing a great wooden spoon from elf-to-elf and thereby stirring the contents of the stew.

.../...

Behind them, ANYA comes over bearing a crock of Dill. She looks enquiringly at the chef for his approval, which he reluctantly gives. She upends the Dill in the cauldron. They stir. GROOT ladles out a sample to taste. His eyes widen. It's good! He gives her the thumbs-up sign.

69 5. ELVES DORMITORY - NIGHT -- 70 or 80 ELVES asleep in their little beds with their names inscribed in a window on each headboard. 69

ON THE WALL, a mechanical clock. Suddenly its doors pop open and two little toy figures come marching out on the little track, chiming the hour.

This awakens the sleeping ELVES who hop out of bed just as the weary day shift comes trudging up the stairs to get some sleep. The fresh batch of ELVES walk toward firemen's poles at the far side of the room and go sliding down through the holes into the factory area.

The tired ELVES turn a knob on the headboard of the bed just like a bus driver changes the name of the route on the front of the bus, i.e. Puffy flips over, Goober appears.

The exhausted ELVES flop into bed in unison and within two seconds are snoring away.

70 6. INT. ELF COMPOUND -- PATCH, BOOG, HONKA and VOUT are building what will be the official sleigh. 70

71 7. INT. CONVEYOR BELT-- Up on the top level above the conveyor belt an ELF pours the contents of a bag into a sieve. The contents are glittering stars. Below him another ELF puts loads of ordinary feed-- a mixture of grain and oats-- on the conveyor belt. Between the two levels, a THIRD ELF shakes the sieve. EFFECTS: Stardust falls from the sieve and lands in the piles of feed, causing it to sparkle. 71

72 8. INT. WORKSHOP -- CLAUS walks up and down the line, inspecting toys, correcting a painting error there, fixing a joining there. 72

73 9. INT. PAPER WRAPPING DEPT. -- TWO ELVES unroll a length of paper. It is coloured red and green, the traditional Christmas colours. A third ELF reaches into a bucket of snow-flakes and grabs a handful. 73

EFFECTS: He flings the snow flakes at the paper. Magically they adhere in pleasing patterns. Presto! The first gift wrap has been created.

74 10. INT. STABLE -- PATCH and his pals are grooming the reindeer, brushing the heads of PRANCER and DANCER, then holding up a mirror, like a barber. 74

.../...

Behind them, ANYA comes over bearing a crock of Dill. She looks enquiringly at the chef for his approval, which he reluctantly gives. She upends the Dill in the cauldron. They stir. GROOT ladles out a sample to taste. His eyes widen. It's good! He gives her the thumbs-up sign.

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70 6. INT. ELF COMPOUND-- PATCH, BOOG, HONKA and VOUT are building what will be the official sleigh. PATCH, underneath the chassis, emerges with the prototype for a new carriage suspension which he is measuring to fit. 70

71 7. INT. CONVEYOR BELT-- Up on the top level above the conveyor belt an ELF pours the contents of a bag into a sieve. The contents are glittering stars. Below him another ELF puts loads of ordinary feed-- a mixture of grain and oats-- on the conveyor belt. Between the two levels, a THIRD ELF shakes the sieve. EFFECTS: Stardust falls from the sieve and lands in the piles of feed, causing it to sparkle. At the end of the process, there is an excess of glittering stardust not mixed into the feed. PATCH scoops the residue up and puts it in bags for storage. 71 +++ +++ +++ +++

72 8. INT. WORKSHOP-- CLAUS walks up and down the line, inspecting toys, correcting a painting error there, fixing a joining there. 72

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.../...

75 HONKA meanwhile gives a pedicure to DONNER's hoof. 75

76 11. INT. TOY TUNNEL -- Wires and pulleys run along the ceiling; on railed catwalks on either side, ELVES remove various toys, attach them to the pulleys and send them to the centre of the tunnel. There a large sack awaits. No matter now many toys are put into it, it never seems to really fill up. 76

12. The music comes to an end, as does the MONTAGE.

77 INT. CLAUS' QUARTERS - NIGHT 77

CLAUS' head is reflected in a mirror; CAMERA ANGLE LIMITS US FROM SEEING THE REST OF HIM. He looks very nervous.

CLAUS
"Northwest cross-wind, point left to land. Southeast cross-wind, point right..."

Now ANYA can be SEEN in the mirror, standing behind him.

ANYA
Are you nervous?

CLAUS
(very)
Me, nervous? No.

ON ANYA-- looking him over, beaming.

ANYA
You look wonderful.

REVERSE-- FULL SHOT: For the first time we see him looking like the traditional figure: the full white beard, the red coat and pants with the white fur trim, the red hat, the wide belt, the leather boots, the whole rigamarole.

CLAUS
It does suit me, doesn't it?

ANYA
(lovingly)
A handsome man looks good in anything.

She comes over and kisses him on the cheek.

ANYA
I'm so proud of you.

Sound: A knock at the door.

CLAUS, looking instantly nervous again, opens it. There stands DOOLEY with a very serious expression on his usually cheerful face.

.../...

DOOLEY
It's time, sir.

CLAUS
(gulp)
Oh.

DOOLEY
They're waiting.

CLAUS
Right, right, coming....

78 INT. TOY TUNNEL - NIGHT 78

LONG, WIDE SHOT: Inside the toy tunnel, ALL THE ELVES are gathered lined up on either side in rows. All is hushed; an atmosphere of great gravity is in the air, as if a coronation is about to begin. In the middle of the tunnel, a magnificent sleigh, built by PATCH, decorated with Christmas motifs, awaits. The eight REINDEER are in harness. As CLAUS enters, led by a somber DOOLEY, ALL THE ELVES turn to see his entrance. A general murmur of appreciation goes up, and individual comments are heard:

PUFFY //
He looks wonderful!

GOOBLER //
(the elf who sewed the outfit)
A perfect fit, if I do say so myself.

PATCH //
The colour, the style, I'm telling you, that outfit is him, it's just him!

As CLAUS stops in the centre of the tunnel, ANYA takes her place alongside PATCH, PUFFY and others.

For a moment all is silent. Then a mystical music is heard, filling the tunnel.

From down the far end, a golden light begins to emanate. There is a murmur from the onlookers as a retinue appears, walking in measured steps toward CLAUS.

CLOSER: Six ELVES carry the thirty-foot long beard-- as if they were pages carrying the bride's train at a wedding-- of a very imposing, very ANCIENT ELF who walks behind them. It is immediately apparent that this is some kind of holy man of Elfdom.

NEW ANGLE-- As he enters the central area, ALL THE ELVES bow their heads, and, for the first and only time, remove their hats.

BLITZEN and DONNER, following the example of the other reindeer, bow their heads respectfully.

.../...

CLAUS
(a bit overwhelmed)
May I speak?
(the ANCIENT ELF nods)
How can I do so much in just one night?

ANCIENT ELF
Know then that Time travels with you. The night of the world is a passage of endless night for you until your mission is done. This is your legacy, as is the gift of flight.

He places his hand on the right shoulder of CLAUS.

ANCIENT ELF
(voice rising)
Let all within the sound of my voice and all who live on the earth know that you will be called...Santa Claus.

Contd/.....
Page 32

ALL THE ELVES
(a very holy moment)
Santa Claus.

ON ANYA-- eyes filled with tears. PATCH passes her a hankie.

ANCIENT ELF
And let us all say-- Merry Christmas.

ALL THE ELVES
(joyfully)
Merry Christmas!

NEW ANGLE-- With measured tread, the ANCIENT ELF walks back down the tunnel, his "train" along with him, and disappears into the distant golden light. ***

PATCH, HONKA, BOOG, VOUT and FOUR OTHERS step from the crowd, each bearing a large bowl. Each bowl contains the magic reindeer feed.

79 CLOSE SHOTS: The REINDEER eat the magical fodder. 79

EFFECTS: The substance has an immediate, energizing effect on the animals: their chests expand, they fairly pulsate with magical energy-- hooves moving, heads tossing, impatient to be off.

80 SANTA CLAUS gets into the sleigh, blows a kiss to ANYA and waves to the assemblage. 80

SANTA CLAUS
(giving his reindeer
the signal)
Yo! ***

ALL THE ELVES
(a great, joyous shout:)
MERRY CHRISTMAS!

And they throw their hats in the air.

Like a shot from a cannon, the REINDEER charge down the tunnel.

81 ON THEIR HOOVES-- galloping down the long stretch of tunnel 81

82 LOOKING UP AT THEM COMING TOWARD CAMERA, racing hell-for-leather, picking up speed. PAN as halfway down the tunnel they turn sharply and run down the exit ramp. 82

83 EXT. ELF VILLAGE - NIGHT 83

LONG SHOT-- The airborne sleigh and its eight REINDEER come swooping out the tunnel, up the ramp and zoom into the sky!

Sound: The cheering ELVES inside the compound.

84/85 VARIOUS SHOTS-- The sleigh gains altitude, the REINDEER pulling strongly into the stratosphere. 84/85

86 C.U. SANTA CLAUS-- the expression on his face is something to see. Amazement. Sheer delight. The wind blows his beard. He begins to laugh his famous "Ho-ho-ho!" 86

87 INT. DOOLEY'S LIBRARY - NIGHT 87

DOOLEY rushes in, scampers up to the telescope and starts to track the rapidly moving sleigh.

DOOLEY
'Atta Santa! Perfect!...That's it, pull back---now bank left---right, that's the way!

88 P.O.V. THROUGH THE TELESCOPE-- the flying sleigh gets further away, in IRIS SHOT. 88

89 EXT. SKY - NIGHT 89

The sleigh flies. The Twins are moving in unison. Blitzen is munching along. ***

90 SANTA CLAUS 90
(having a ball)
Faster, boys! Feel the wind in your face!

CLOSER ON DONNER-- who is having a hard time. Vertigo adds to his usual fears. He looks down, shuts his eyes, swallows hard.

SANTA CLAUS
(seeing the trouble)
Come on, Donner-- forward ho! Nothing to worry about-- it's only flying.
(as he hears himself, a verbal double-take)
It's only flying???!!! What am I saying??

91 ON DONNER-- opens his eyes, gets up his nerve to keep on. 91

SANTA CLAUS
All right--bank to the right. Ready?

92 LONG SHOT-- In a wide parabola, the sleigh banks to the right; behind it a sky of twinkling stars. 92

93 INT. DOOLEY'S LIBRARY - NIGHT 93

DOOLEY
(cheering him on at the telescope)
That's it! Picture-book perfect!

94 EXT. SKY - NIGHT 94

LONG SHOT-- As the sleigh flies through the sky, we hear the happy "Ho-ho-ho!" of SANTA CLAUS.

.../..

95 (THERE NOW FOLLOWS A MONTAGE SEQUENCE SHOWING THE EVENTS AND ACTIVITIES RELATED TO THE FIRST CHRISTMAS EVE. DISSOLVES AND SUPERIMPOSITIONS IMPRESSIONISTICALLY INDICATE SIMULTANEOUS ACTIONS, CAUSES AND RESULTS, A SUMMATION OF THE EVEING IN COLLAGE FORM). 95

1. A PEASANT BOY finds his present, wrapped in red and green. He opens it. MOVE TO TIGHT C.U. OF HIS FACE-- joyful, astonished. FREEZE-FRAME THIS C.U. AND, AS WE HOLD IMAGE, SUPERIMPOSE:

96 2. EXT. SKY - NIGHT: SANTA'S SLEIGH FLYING OVER THE WORLD. 96

97 3. A NORWEGIAN LITTLE GIRL receives her first Christmas toy. 97 **

3A Elf hands working on toys. The toys change in appear- ** 98 ance as time goes by. Again, HOLD IMAGES OVER SUPER- IMPOSED SHOTS OF SANTA FLYING.

99 4. INT. TOY TUNNEL - DAY 99

The sleigh arrives back home and comes to a stop.

100 SCENE DELETED 100 //

101 INT. DOOLEY'S LIBRARY - DAY 101

SANTA CLAUS enters to find DOOLEY with a stack of mail on his desk reading one.

SANTA CLAUS
What's that?

DOOLEY
More and more learning to write now, asking for what they want.

102 INT. FOURTEENTH CENTURY ROOM - DAY 102

A BOY in 14th Century clothes, takes a burning stick from the hearth, blows on the glowing tip and then uses the charcoal end to scratch out on a sheet of dried sheepskin:

BOY
"Dear Santa Claus. I would like a ball-and-cup toy. I would be most happy if the ball could be blue and the cup yellow..."

103 INT. ELF WORKSHOP - DAY 103

PUFFY is filling the order, painting the yellow and blue toy with the aid of a nearby ELF's beard-brush.

.../...

104 EXT. SKY - NIGHT 104

The sleigh flies.

105 SCENE DELETED 105

106 SCENE DELETED 106

107 SCENE DELETED 107

108 INT. GYPSY WAGON - DAY 108

As gypsy guitars strum off-screen, a GYPSY BOY writes with a nail dipped in home-made ink:

GYPSY BOY
"My father makes music with a guitar and my uncle with a fiddle, but I can't play anything. So could you send me a box with music in it? Then everybody would see I, too, can bring songs to the caravan." ***

109 INT. WORKSHOP - DAY 109

PATCH turns the crank of a music box. It plays. He smiles.

110 EXT. SKY - NIGHT 110

The sleigh flies.

111 INT. COLONIAL HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY 111

A dining room in a colonial house; the table set for Thanksgiving dinner. A disquieting tableau is taking place: laughing with malicious glee, a YOUNG BOY in powdered wig is engaged in tying a wooden dowel to the tail of a screeching cat. His younger SISTER is crying and trying to make him stop it, but the BOY pushes her away, enjoying his mischief, as a BLACK MAID enters and tries to break up the argument.:

112 INT. COLONIAL HOME -- GIRL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 112

The same little GIRL is writing on parchment:

LITTLE GIRL
(upset, tearful yet)
"Dear Santa Claus: I do not ask for any present for myself this Christmas. I ask only that you make my brother stop being cruel to my cat Tabby."

DISSOLVE TO:

113 INT. COLONIAL HOME - GIRL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 113

Late at night now. ON THE GIRL, asleep in her bed, cuddled close to her cat. PAN FROM HER to the writing table, where WE SEE the letter she wrote, addressed to Santa Claus.

114 A wonderous thing happens (EFFECTS): a little breeze blows the letter off the table, into the fireplace and straight up the chimney.

115 EXT. ROOFTOP - COLONIAL HOUSE - NIGHT 115

EFFECTS: The letter blows straight up out of the chimney into the sky

116 where it becomes part of a cloud. 116

117 EXT. SKY - NIGHT 117

The cloud sails across the moonlit sky.

118 EXT. ELF VILLAGE - NORTH POLE - DAY 118

The cloud arrives above the elf village.

119 EFFECTS: As it reaches the chimney of DOOLEY's library, it suddenly begins to funnel down like a tornado in reverse, going directly into the chimney. 119

120 INT. DOOLEY'S LIBRARY - DAY 120

ON THE FIREPLACE-- where the letters, becoming letters again, tumble down the chimney and land in the fireplace in waiting bins marked: Incoming Mail.

Nearby, an ELF stands on a ladder beside one of the giant book-pages and, like a stock market clerk, writes down orders in the big ledger: 598 dolls, 74 hoops, etc. constantly updating.

121 INT. SANTA'S QUARTERS - DAY 121

FULL SHOT-- SANTA and ANYA seated in the parlour as ANYA reads

.../..

aloud the very letter we saw being written by the COLONIAL GIRL. DOOLEY, who has brought it to them, stands awaiting their response.

ANYA
(reading)
"I'm sure he hurts the poor little kitten and when I cry, he just laughs at me. Yours most sincerely, Miss Sarah Foster."
(she looks up, outraged)
You were right to bring this to our attention, Dooley. That little boy should not get a present.

FAVOURING SANTA-- in a real quandry.

SANTA
No present for him? But every child gets a present.

ANYA
(firmly)
It's time to change that rule.

SANTA CLAUS
You'll have folks saying that Santa Claus rewards only the good little boys and girls.

ANYA
And isn't that as it should be?

A long pause. He thinks it over.

SANTA CLAUS
So be it. Dooley, make up a list of who is naughty and nice.

DOOLEY
(staring out)
Yes, sir.

SANTA CLAUS
And be careful. I'll be checking it twice.

122 INSERTS of toys being executed and painted by hands of the ELVES. By now we are obviously at the end of the 19th Century. We end with modern toys of the industrial revolution. (Steam engines, primitive flying machines, etc) as well as toys indicating that Santa is delivering to the entire world. (Japanese doll houses, Watusi warriors, etc.) 122 ***

122A REINDEER IN FULL REGALIA BEING TAKEN DOWN STABLE TUNNEL TOWARD TOY TUNNEL. 122A

122B ELVES LOADING IN TUNNEL NEW TOYS ON THE SLEIGH 122B

Continued on Page 38

123 INT. SANTA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT 123

Dinner is almost over. SANTA, in his red undershirt, the buttons straining over his more than ample girth, is finishing up his dessert. ANYA sits across the table, long since done eating.

SANTA CLAUS
(in the middle of a conversation)
All this progress may be a fine thing, but the way people are changing is not such a fine thing. They don't trust each other the way they used to. Years ago, the doors were always open. Now they lock 'em, afraid somebody's going to steal what's theirs.

ANYA
How do you get in?

SANTA CLAUS
Windows, when I can. But mostly chimneys. And I don't much like it. I don't like the going in ***
---

124 EXT. ROOFTOP - 19th CENTURY HOUSE - NIGHT 124

As we hear SANTA's voice-over, we SEE him squeezing his ample form into a chimney on a rooftop.

125 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 125

SANTA CLAUS (v.o.)
--- and even less do I like the goin' out.

He has just left some toys under the tree and, stopping to eat the cookies left for him on the mantlepiece, he laboriously starts to climb up the chimney. A very tight squeeze. A lot of grunting and panting.

126 INT. COMPOUND - DAY 126

GROUP SHOT-- A whole bunch of the ELVES are standing around SANTA and DOOLEY, who holds a 19th Century newspaper in his hand.

ON DOOLEY-- clears his throat, begins to read the famous poem:

.../...

DOOLEY
"'Twas the night before Christmas
And all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring,
Not even a mouse."

As SANTA chuckles appreciatively, ANYA walks INTO FRAME.

ANYA
What is it?

SANTA CLAUS
It's a poem, about me. They say it's a very big hit.

He beams with pride...which goeth before a fall. As he turns to listen again, DOOLEY reaches the following lines:

DOOLEY
"He had a broad face and a
little round belly,
That shook when he laughed
like a bowl full of jelly".

C.U. SANTA CLAUS-- Absolutely mortified. Ashen-faced.

SANTA CLAUS
(can barely speak)
.....What was that?

DOOLEY
Pardon?

SANTA CLAUS
What was the last part?

DOOLEY
(reads it again)
"He had a broad face....."

SANTA CLAUS
Broad? A broad face?
(livid to ANYA)
Do I have a broad face?

ANYA
Well...your particular bone structure, darling---

SANTA CLAUS
Yes, yes, go on.

DOOLEY
(in a small voice)
"And a little round belly".

By now, SANTA CLAUS is doing a slow burn worthy of the great Edgar Kennedy. You can practically see steam coming out of his ears.

.../..

SANTA CLAUS
(between clenched teeth)
Go on.

DOOLEY
(he'd love to just crawl away by now)
"That shook when he laughed
Like a bowl full of...."

SANTA CLAUS
Jelly.

DOOLEY
It's...just...a poem...

SANTA CLAUS
Is that how they think I look?

ANYA
(awkwardly)
Well....you know, the cookies...

127 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 127

TIGHT ON A DINNER PLATE on which sit four carrot sticks, two celery sticks and an olive. PULL BACK AND WIDEN to SEE an absolutely miserable SANTA seated in front of this meagre repast, looking very grimly at the plate. Anya is by the stove. ***

128 INT. TOY TUNNEL - NIGHT 128 **

The REINDEER eating the magic fodder.

129 EXT. SKY - NIGHT 129 ***

SANTA and the REINDEER fly, from right to left.

130 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 130

BEGIN TIGHT ON A PLATE OF COOKIES on the mantlepiece. A child's hand-lettered sign above them: "For Santa Claus".

REVERSE-- FULL ON SANTA, standing there, staring at them like Eve contemplating the apple.

Resolutely, he walks to the hearth, about to take his leave. Then he stops. Looks longingly at the cookies. He shakes his head no, starts off, stops, panics, then, in a sudden collapse, grabs up all the cookies and crams them into his mouth.

131 EXT. SKY - SLEIGH - NIGHT 131

SANTA driving the sleigh, chewing cookies.

.../...

SANTA CLAUS
(to the REINDEER)
Look, boys, here's how it is: I'm sure there are some skinny, meagre, wasting-away men who are perfectly good fellows, but ....the world wants a jolly Santa, well-fed and laughing

(the laugh booms out)
Ho-ho-ho! Ho-ho-ho!
(he looks down at his stomach)
And it did not shake when I laughed like a bowl of jelly, you silly poet, you.

131A WIDE SHOT -- The sleigh flies away from the village area. 131A***

132

132 INT. WORKSHOP - DAY

ON SANTA, DOOLEY and PUFFY -- looking a bit skeptically at something. In the back, some ELVES are working.

SANTA CLAUS
It's just a hoop. What's new about that? I was making those things centuries ago. ***

REVERSE -- On PATCH who is demonstrating a prototype for a new toy. It's a large, brightly painted hoop.

PATCH
No, this isn't one of those hoops you roll. Watch!

He puts the hoop over his head and when it's halfway down his body, he begins to gyrate his hips wildly, keeping the hoop spinning around him. In other words, we are seeing what became famous as the Hula Hoop. SANTA CLAUS looks decidedly unimpressed.

SANTA CLAUS
What's the point of it?

PATCH
It's fun.
(the selling point)
And it's good exercise.

SANTA CLAUS
No, no, I don't think so, Patch. ***

He starts to walk away, but PATCH won't let one flop stop him.

///

.../..

6

SANTA CLAUS
(trying to recover his aplomb)
People won't like this. Take my word for it, Patch. I was a people myself once.

PATCH tries to look undaunted, but his disappointment shows.

SANTA CLAUS
(realizing)
I hope I haven't filled you full of elf-doubt.

PATCH
(putting a brave front on it, with a shrug)
Well, back to the drawing board.

He walks OUT OF FRAME. SANTA walks to the other end of the workshop to check on the work of the other elves. HOLD ON PUFFY -- who is smiling at his rival's failure. ***

DOOLEY
(sternly)
As for you, Puffy, don't look so elf-satisfied. At least he tried.

A chastened PUFFY wipes the smile off his face.

132A ELVES' hands making 20th Century toys: we now see black dolls and pagoda doll houses; toys suggesting Santa is now giving toys to children of all races. 132A**

.../..

132B ELVES sorting letters brought from Dooley's fireplace and putting them in pre-designed slots according to requests. 132B

133 EXT. SKY ABOVE ELF VILLAGE - NIGHT 133

At the end of a 20th Century Christmas Eve the sleigh returns *** to the North Pole, coming in for a landing, flying directly into the mouth of the tunnel.

Contd/.....
Page 43

134 ***

134 INT. TOY TUNNEL - DAY

PATCH and his THREE CRONIES await as the sleigh comes to a stop.

135 ON THE REINDEER-- Their tongues are hanging out from exhaustion. 135

136 ON SANTA CLAUS-- Who also looks beat to his socks with fatigue. 136

HONKA
Welcome home, Santa Claus.

SANTA CLAUS manages a mumbled response as he climbs out.

PATCH
(checking the animals)
Oh boy, they look like they've been through the mill.

SANTA CLAUS
Mill! I can't remember the last time I saw a good old-fashioned mill. Now it's all apartment houses and sky-scrapers. You think it's easy navigating through those sky-scrapers?
(as he trudges off down the tunnel with heavy tread)
Not to mention the wind current from those jumbo jets? Scared the reindeer half to death, one of 'em did.

137 INT. COMPOUND - AT THE FOOT OF THE SPIRAL STAIRS TO SANTA'S COTTAGE 137

A weary SANTA stands at the bottom of the stairs and looks up at the long climb he has to make, sighs heavily, and starts up.

138 **

138 INT. SANTA'S QUARTERS - DAY

A few minutes later. TIGHT TWO SHOT-- ANYA and SANTA seated at table, a bowl of soup in front of each of them. He's too beat to eat; she looks at him concerned.

ANYA
Your soup's getting cold.

Sound: A knock at the door.

DOOLEY enters, carrying a folder.

DOOLEY
Welcome back, Santa. Have a good trip?
(he lays the folder on the table)

.../..

ANYA
What's this?

DOOLEY
(a bit apologetic)
Next year's schedule.

ANYA
Can't it wait for a few days?
He's just come home---

Suddenly SANTA's eyes close and he slumps forward, his head landing in his soup. ANYA lets out a startled cry, as an embarrassed SANTA raises up.

SANTA CLAUS
Sorry, I must have dozed off.

As she mops his collar with a napkin, cleaning up spilt pea soup stains:

ANYA
Darling, why don't you get yourself an assistant?

SANTA CLAUS
(what a peculiar notion)
What????

ANYA
I don't like to see you pushing yourself like this, Claus. You're spreading yourself too thin.

DOOLEY
I'd volunteer but I'm up to my ears as it is.

SANTA CLAUS
Who'd want the job?

DOOLEY
Two elves spring to mind.

ANYA
(a fond smile)
One of them practically bounces to mind.

DOOLEY
(smiling)
Oh yes, I'm supposed to show you this.

He reaches in his pocket, takes out something, hands it to him.

SANTA CLAUS
What is it?

.../...

DOOLEY
An old idea Patch came up with. ***

MOVE INTO TIGHT C.U. OF THE OBJECT-- One of those glass globes that you shake and "snow" appears inside it, like the famous one in Citizen Kane. Santa shakes it.

SANTA CLAUS
(bemused)
Huh, look at that... Isn't that a clever thing...

(AS CAMERA MOVES CLOSER UNTIL THE FALSE SNOW SCENE FILLS SCREEN) WE SEE A CUT OUT OF AN ELEGANT COLONIAL TOWNHOUSE. As it whirls...

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

138A SCENE DELETED 138A

139 SCENE DELETED 139

140 EXT. NEW YORK TOWNHOUSE - ~~LATE DAY~~ NIGHT 140

The Colonial house from the glass globe has become real-- and so has the snow fall. We are on a side street in the East 80's -- One of those areas where opulent townhouses are right around the corner from tenement rows. TWO MIDDLE CLASS BOYS, about 12, are walking down the block. Dressed warmly against the winter cold, heavy down coats, mufflers, etc.

FIRST BOY
Whyn't you come over to my house?

SECOND BOY
I gotta be home for dinner. My mom'll kill me if I'm late.
(shivers from the cold)

FIRST BOY
You can eat at my house. C'mon.

They pass down the street before a semi-abandoned tenement. CAMERA HOLDS. A BOY of 10 is huddled in the doorway of the old building. He wears only a thin, worn jacket, the collar turned up to protect him from the wind. Cold and homeless, he lives by his wits, always one step ahead of the authorities. His manner is cynical and tough. Yet, scarcely below the surface, this is still a kid who longs for affection, but tries not to show it for fear of looking "soft". The classic urchin, this is JOE. He pulls out a bent half-stick of chewing gum and chews it to get all the nourishment he can.

.../...

NEW PAGE 20/3/84

141 CAMERA PANS FROM JOE, ACROSS THE STREET, TO A TOWNHOUSE DIRECTLY OPPOSITE. It is obviously the home of wealthy people. Lighted windows seem warm and inviting on this bitter cold night. CAMERA CONTINUES PAN TO FRONT PARLOUR WINDOW. 141

142 Somebody stands at the window looking out, a LITTLE GIRL, very pretty, about nine years old. Her simple, but expensive dress is becoming. She looks out with a lonely, wistful expression. A child who has all the material gifts and comforts in the world, but is emotionally as lonely and deprived as the poor boy across the street, this is CORNELIA. 142

.../...
Contd

143 C.U. CORNELIA-- Staring at JOE with rapt interest. 143

144 C.U. JOE-- Looking back at her. If this were an older male and female, we might say that there was immediate "chemistry". 144

145 INT. TOWNHOUSE - FRONT ROOM - LATE DAY 145

It is an elegantly decorated room, high ceilings, and antiques and expensive furniture. CORNELIA stands at the window, holding the curtain aside, silently watching JOE. At the other end of the rather large living room, her NANNY, MISS TUCKER, sits with her sewing basket, crocheting something.

MISS TUCKER
(a rather cold, imperious type)
I'm warning you, Cornelia; your step-uncle is not going to tolerate those grades. Imagine! A B-minus in geography! ***

CORNELIA
(quietly rebellious)
What does he care about my marks? He never even looks at my report card. He probably doesn't even know what grade I'm in.

MISS TUCKER
Young lady, I'm telling you---
(turns, sees her at the window)
Cornelia! Come away from that window this instant before you get a draft!
(rises, puts sewing down)
Now come to dinner before Cook starts getting cranky and complains about the soup getting cold.

She exits to adjoining dining room. CORNELIA turns and takes another look out the window, quickly. But:

146 P.O.V. The tenement doorway is empty. JOE is gone. 146

147 INT. SANTA'S COTTAGE - DAY 147***

C.U. of a very excited PATCH.

PATCH
An assistant! Your assistant! With all due respect, sir, I've
(cont)

.../...

PATCH (contd)
got ideas that'll turn this place upside down!

WIDEN TO REVEAL SANTA and DOOLEY listening, PUFFY standing next *** to them. ANYA watches in the background.

SANTA CLAUS
That isn't exactly what I had in mind.

PATCH
(quickly)
I'm talking about modern methods of production! I'm talking assembly line! I'm talking wave of the future! I'm talking faster, quicker---

PUFFY
---and sloppier.

PATCH glares at his rival with undisguised distaste.

PATCH
Just because you lack elf-assurance doesn't mean that I do, Puffy. I'm not afraid to rock the sleigh.

PUFFY
(sucking up to the boss)
Sir, I have long admired your traditional methods of manufacture. I assure you that I will give the same meticulous attention to quality and detail that---

SANTA CLAUS
Boys, boys, don't give me campaign promises. Give me results. The one who gets the job is the one who does the job best.

148

148 INT. WORKSHOP - NORTH WING AND WEST WING

CROSS CUTTING RAPIDLY BETWEEN both sides of the competition, thus:

1. PUFFY replicating SANTA's style as he walks down the line, inspecting hand-crafted toys, stopping now and then to make a hand-carved correction of his own.

149 2. IN THE WEST WING, an entirely different operation is beginning IN VARIOUS SHOTS, WE SEE PATCH overseeing HONKA, BOOG, and VOUT as they build what looks like an erector-set/Tinker-Toy version of an assembly line. 149

150 3. PUFFY checks off his list as the elfin production line functions smoothly. We SEE perfect toys being laboriously put together. 150

.../...

151 4. PATCH's assembly line looks like something designed by Rube Goldberg. It's put together with pipes and tape and God-knows-what, but it's finished. 151

HONKA +++
What makes it go?

VOUT +++
It's got an elf-starter.
(he points to PATCH)

PATCH +++
(gives the signal to start)
GO!

152 ON BOOG-- Begins turning a crank. 152

153 IN VARIOUS ANGLES, we SEE parts of different toys travelling their jerky way down the moving belt, then disappearing into a covered section, lurching out of view. 153

154 5. IN THE NORTH WING, neatly stacked rows of toys, ready to be gift wrapped. 154

155 6. IN THE WEST WING, the moving belt seems to be speeding up. 155

VOUT
Isn't it going too fast?

PATCH
(excited, assured)
Too fast?
(he laughs)
Welcome to the Twentieth Century!

156 7. INSERTS of various PATCH-made machine parts doing their tasks: an automatic screw-driver screws two parts of a bicycle frame together. But--IN TIGHTER INSERT-- we SEE the screw isn't screwed tightly enough. It holds the parts together all right, but it isn't quite tight enough. 156

157 8. INSERTS of another screwing device attaching handles to the frames of little red wagons. Again, the joining is made a little sloppily. 157

158 9. INSERTS of a jig-saw puzzle cutting device, stamping out pieces too quickly and imprecisely. 158

159 INT. COMPOUND - DAY 159

A proud PATCH and his PALS stand beside an impressive pile of completed toys which look perfect: bikes, wagons, etc.

REVERSE ON SANTA CLAUS, DOOLEY standing beside him. Both look very impressed. SANTA turns to DOOLEY and nods, as if to say, "How about that!" Now they look in the opposite direction.

160 WHAT THEY SEE: A deflated PUFFY stands at the end of his work table next to a much smaller collection of completed toys-- dolls, balls, hoops-- clearly a distant second in the competition. 160

.../...

151 4. PATCH's assembly line looks like something designed by Rube Goldberg. It's put together with pipes and tape and God-knows-what, but it's finished. 151

ON PATCH-- He gives the signal to start.

PATCH
Gentlemen, start your engines!

152 ON BOOG-- Begins turning a crank. 152

153 IN VARIOUS ANGLES, we SEE parts of different toys travelling their jerky way down the moving belt, then disappearing into a covered section, lurching out of view. 153

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.../...

161 REVERSE: ON SANTA, who shrugs apologetically to PUFFY, trying to let him down gently. 161

A GROUP OF CHEERING ELVES-- HONKA, VOUT AND BOOG cheering loudest of all, send up a great triumphant shout as SANTA beckons PATCH to step forward. As PATCH beams, bursting with pride, SANTA hands him a red apron with the word "Assistant" on the front.

161A EXT. ~~NEW YORK STREET~~ - Establishing SHOTS of shoppers preparing for Christmas. 161A

162 INT. MACDONALDS, NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT 162

ON some CUSTOMERS in a MacDonalds fast food place, lining up with their trays at the counter, slathering extra condiments on delicious looking burgers and fries.

RACK FOCUS TO SEE a desperate, hungry JOE standing outside with his nose pressed to the glass, watching what he wishes he could have. At the same time, we hear the off-screen voice of a STREET-CORNER SANTA as he rings his bell and cries:

STREET-CORNER SANTA (o.s.)
Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!

163 NEW, WIDER ANGLE--scrawny with an ill-fitting suit and obvious false beard. A sign on his kettle reads: "MAKE IT A MERRY CHRISTMAS FOR EVERYBODY. GIVE TO THE URBAN DEVELOPMENT FUND". A MAN tosses a few coins into the kettle. 163

164 ON JOE--turning from the window of MacDonalds, looking at the fake SANTA. 164

165 WHAT HE SEES-- The fake SANTA looks quickly around, then quickly reaches in the kettle and pockets the coins. Pleased with himself, he pulls a paper-bag with a pint of cheap Muscatel out of his back pocket, takes a swig. 165

166 ON JOE-- not at all surprised. He's wise to all the street cons. He turns with one last longing look at the MacDonalds, jams his hands in his empty pockets and walks away. 166

167 EXT. TOWNHOUSE STREET - NEW YORK - NIGHT 167

FULL ON CORNELIA'S TOWNHOUSE -- the same night.

168 INT. CORNELIA'S TOWNHOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT 168

CORNELIA and her NANNY, MISS TUCKER, are finishing dinner. An incredible amount of food on the table. Roast Beef, potatoes, vegetables, etc. MISS TUCKER mops the last of the gravy from her plate with a hunk of bread, and says contentedly:

.../..

161 REVERSE: ON SANTA, who shrugs apologetically to PUFFY, trying to let him down gently. 161

A GROUP OF CHEERING ELVES-- HONKA, VOUT AND BOOG cheering loudest of all, send up a great triumphant shout as SANTA beckons PATCH to step forward. As PATCH beams, bursting with pride, SANTA hands him a red jacket, similar to his, with the word "Assistant" on the front. PATCH puts it on, acknowledges the applause.

161A EXT. NEW YORK STREET - Establishing SHOTS of shoppers preparing for Christmas. 161A

162 EXT. NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT 162

ON A HOT DOG WAGON on the street. The VENDOR slathers mustard and sauerkraut on a steaming, succulent frankfurter, hands it to a CUSTOMER. PULL BACK to reveal a desperate, hungry JOE nearby watching what he wishes he could have. At the same time time, we hear the off-screen voice of a STREET-CORNER SANTA as he rings his bell and cries:

STREET-CORNER SANTA (o.s.)
Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!

163 NEW, WIDER ANGLE-- The STREET-CORNER SANTA stands in front of his kettle, importuning PASSERBYS. He looks like the typical phony SANTA-- scrawny with an ill-fitting suit and obvious false beard. A sign on his kettle reads: "MAKE IT A MERRY CHRISTMAS FOR THE KIDS IN THE MUNICIPAL ORPHAN HOME." A MAN tosses a few coins into the kettle. 163 ***

164 ON JOE-- turning from the hot dog wagon, watching from the corner. 164

165 WHAT HE SEES-- The fake SANTA looks quickly around, then quickly reaches in the kettle and pockets the coins. Pleased with himself, he pulls a paper-bag with a pint of cheap Muscatel out of his back pocket, takes a swig. 165

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168 INT. CORNELIA'S TOWNHOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT 168

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MISS TUCKER
I can't eat another bite.

CORNELIA
(most of her plate is still full)
Me too.

.../..

MISS TUCKER
I can't eat another bit.

CORNELIA
(most of her plate
is still full)

Me too.

Contd/....
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C.U. CORNELIA-- Something makes her turn her head and look toward the window.

169 HER P.O.V.: The face of JOE peering through the window, watching. A second later, afraid he'll be spotted, he ducks out of sight. 169

170 FULL SHOT 170

MISS TUCKER
(getting up)
Well, I'm going to take my coffee in the library so I can watch my Masterpiece Theatre. And you, my little miss, had better get busy on those Latin verbs.

MISS TUCKER exits. CORNELIA piles an empty plate high with a little bit of everything on the table. FOLLOW HER as she tiptoes out of the dining room into:

171 INT. TOWNHOUSE KITCHEN - BACK DOOR - NIGHT 171

She enters the kitchen and tiptoes past the broad back of COOK, who is turned away, busily stacking unopened bottles of wine on a dumbwaiter in the pantry. CORNELIA gets to the back door and opens it.

CORNELIA
(peering out into the darkness)
Psssssst!

172 EXT. AREA BEHIND TOWNHOUSE - INSIDE THE GATE - NIGHT 172

From the bushes, JOE pops his head up, unsure of what's going on. on.

CORNELIA
(sotto voce)
Psssssst! Little boy?

C.U. JOE-- not sure he likes being called "little boy".

173 ON CORNELIA-- Making sure her unknown friend sees, she carefully sets the plate of food down on the back steps, then closes the door. 173

174 ON JOE-- Astonished at this largesse. A bit suspicious. Then quietly and cautiously, he starts toward the food. 174

175 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 175

CORNELIA stands frozen on the other side of the door, listening.

.../..

C.U. CORNELIA-- Something makes her turn her head and look toward the window.

169 HER P.O.V.: The face of JOE peering through the window, watching. A second later, afraid he'll be spotted, he ducks out of sight. 169

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MISS TUCKER exits. CORNELIA piles an empty plate high with a little bit of everything on the table. FOLLOW HER as she tiptoes out of the dining room into:

171 INT. TOWNHOUSE KITCHEN - BACK DOOR - NIGHT 171

As she passes the little side room, she (AND WE) sees the back of COOK, sitting in her bedroom, reading. She sneaks past quietly, into the kitchen, and goes to the back door, She opens it.

CORNELIA
(peering out into the darkness)
Psssssst!

172 EXT. AREA BEHIND TOWNHOUSE - INSIDE THE GATE - NIGHT 172

From the bushes, JOE pops his head up, unsure of what's going on. on.

CORNELIA
(sotto voce)
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175 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 175

CORNELIA stands frozen on the other side of the door, listening.

.../...

176 EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT 176

JOE gets to the back steps, takes the plate, darts off into the darkness.

177 ON JOE-- Hidden in the bushes, he is eating as fast as he can, grateful, happy, stuffing himself after days of deprivation. 177

178 INT. WORKSHOP - DAY 178

WIDE SHOT-- A bee-hive of activity, with PATCH-designed assembly lines and gim-crack automated devices in evidence everywhere. Looking very officious, PATCH, clipboard in hand, is everywhere, checking, writing down notes, giving orders, having a swell time.

179 VARIOUS ANGLES AND INSERTS-- The toys are being manufactured at a faster clip than ever before, but again we notice screws loosely screwed, connections poorly made, little goofs and glitches that are not seen by the naked eye. 179

180 INT. TOY TUNNEL 180

The ELVES are loading up the bottomless sack with PATCH's hastily-made toys, never imagining there's anything wrong with them. PATCH, in his bright red Assistant apron, stands supervising the procedure, looking a bit puffed-up with his new status. HONKA follows his every step, metamorphosing into a real Yes-man (Yes-elf?) and trying to bask in some of the reflected glory. +++ +++ +++ +++ +++

181 EXT. ELF VILLAGE - NIGHT 181

LONG SHOT-- the sleigh comes charging out of the tunnel, off the ramp and into the sky.

182 SCENE DELETED 182

183/194 EXT. NEW YORK SKYLINE - NIGHT 183/194

The sleigh flies over the skyscrapers of New York. Very late at night.

ON SANTA-- feeling very up.

SANTA CLAUS
(a booming laugh)
Ho-ho-ho! Ah, what a night, my boys, what a night!

REACTIONS-- PRANCER AND DANCER, nod agreement in unison.

SANTA CLAUS
Look down there---

DONNER tries, quickly blinks, shakes his vertiginous head.

.../...

176 EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT 176

JOE gets to the back steps, takes the plate, darts off into the darkness.

177 ON JOE-- Hidden in the bushes, he is eating as fast as he can, grateful, happy, stuffing himself after days of deprivation. 177

178 INT. WORKSHOP - DAY 178

WIDE SHOT-- A bee-hive of activity, with PATCH-designed assembly lines and gim-crack automated devices in evidence everywhere. Looking very officious, PATCH, clipboard in hand, is everywhere, checking, writing down notes, giving orders, having a swell time.

179 VARIOUS ANGLES AND INSERTS-- The toys are being manufactured at a faster clip than ever before, but again we notice screws loosely screwed, connections poorly made, little goofs and glitches that are not seen by the naked eye. 179

180 INT. TOY TUNNEL 180

The ELVES are loading up the bottomless sack with PATCH's hastily-made toys, never imagining there's anything wrong with them.

181 EXT. ELF VILLAGE - NIGHT 181

LONG SHOT-- The sleigh comes charging out of the tunnel, off the ramp and into the sky.

182 SCENE DELETED 182 //

183/194 EXT. NEW YORK SKYLINE - NIGHT 183/194

The sleigh flies over the skyscrapers of New York. Very late at night.

ON SANTA-- feeling very up.

SANTA CLAUS
(a booming laugh)
Ho-ho-ho! Ah, what a night, my boys, what a night!

REACTIONS-- PRANCER AND DANCER, nod agreement in unison.

SANTA CLAUS
Look down there---

DONNER tries, quickly blinks, shakes his vertiginous head.

.../...

SANTA CLAUS
Decorations in the windows, stockings hung by the fireplace-- Tonight there isn't a child alive who isn't bursting with joy and happiness and---

Suddenly stops in mid-sentence as he spots something down below. He looks suprised.

P.O.V.: DOWN THERE, trying to warm his cold little frame in-front of a bonfire in a garbage can is little JOE.

SANTA CLAUS
(upset)
Just a minute, boys, I think we're going to make an unscheduled stop.

NEW ANGLE-- The sleigh descends rapidly, lands on the roof of a tenement just above the street where JOE is.

195 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 195

JOE has ducked back in the doorway keeping out of the biting wind. Suddenly:

EFFECTS: SANTA CLAUS "materializes" beside him. JOE is startled.

JOE
Hey! Beat it, man. Find your own doorway. Don't crowd me.

SANTA CLAUS
(genuinley concerned)
What are you doing out here, boy?

JOE
("gimme a break")
I'm pitchin' a no-hitter for the Yankees, what does it look like?

SANTA CLAUS
But this is Christmas Eve! Don't you know what that means?

JOE
(worldly-wise
beyond his years)
Yeah, it means you're out of a job till next year. You and the rest of the winos.

SANTA CLAUS
Winos?

JOE
Look, mister, you shouldn't oughta drink that wood alcohol stuff, it hurts your brain, see?

.../...

C.U. SANTA CLAUS-- Absolutely incredulous and terribly upset.

SANTA CLAUS
Don't you know who I am???

JOE
Sure, you're a nut.

SANTA CLAUS
I'm Santa Claus.

JOE
Right. And I'm the Tooth Fairy.

SANTA CLAUS
I'll prove it to you. Come up on the roof with me.

JOE recoils, backing off quickly.

JOE
(scared now)
No way, man. You get outta here or I call a cop.

C.U. SANTA-- deeply distressed as he realizes the awfulness of this child's existence.

SANTA CLAUS
Oh, you poor lad.
(a heavy sigh)
Well, I see I'm going to have to do it my way.

EFFECTS: SANTA and JOE suddenly vanish from the doorway and:

196 EXT. TENEMENT ROOFTOP - NIGHT 196

--"Materialize" on the rooftop, where the sleigh and the reindeer wait. Now JOE is freaked out.

.../...
Contd

JOE
Holy cow!! How'd you do that?!

SANTA CLAUS
See? What did I tell you?

JOE
(tentatively takes a step closer to the sleigh, looks at it)
Wait a minute, I know what this is, it's one of them Christmas decorations somebody put up here, I seen 'em before.

Suddenly one of the reindeer whinnies. JOE leaps back.

SANTA CLAUS
(amused)
Ever hear a decoration make a noise like that?

JOE
(steadfastly)
But Santa Claus ain't real.....

SANTA CLAUS
(now really determined)
Want to go for a ride?

JOE
(flatly)
A ride.
(the import hits him)
A ride???
(points at the sleigh)
On that?
(SANTA nods)
I never even been in a plane.

SANTA CLAUS
Make up your mind. I'm kind of in a hurry tonight.

JOE
Geez...I mean...well...
(weakening, tempted)
Yeah, I mean, yeah, sure, if it's awright...I mean, yeah. Like, really?

With a friendly chuckle, SANTA helps JOE up into the sleigh then climbs in beside him.

SANTA CLAUS
(enjoying this)
Hold on tight now. Don't worry, You're as safe here as you would be at home.

JOE
I ain't got a home.

.../...

ON SANTA-- He looks at him for a long time, saying nothing. Then, putting on a big jolly grin:

SANTA CLAUS
Here we go! Can you say, "YO"?

JOE
YO!

197 The reindeer immediately respond to the signal and take off. 197

198/222 For a moment, JOE looks like he's ready to burst with excitement. He can't believe it! He's really flying! Now all the defensiveness and guardedness he so carefully has cultivated for his own survival disappear in a second and he is simply a ten-year-old-boy having the best time of his life. 198/222

JOE
Wow! WOW!

SANTA laughs happily.

JOE lets out a cry of startled delight as the sleigh swoops upward, just clearing the top of a skyscraper.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

There follows a wonderous flying sequence in which an evermore delighted JOE finds himself living a miracle. IN VARIOUS SHOTS the sleigh dives, turns, swoops and soars over buildings and cloud banks. SANTA delights in providing this treat. JOE becomes Everykid, simply having a ball.

JOE
You really are Santa Claus, ain't ya?

SANTA CLAUS
Yup, but I still don't know who you are.

JOE
Joe! I'm Joe!

SANTA CLAUS
How do you like it?

JOE
Neat!

And after a few more swoops:

JOE
Wow! Neat! How do you make 'em do it?

SANTA CLAUS
Like a horse and buggy, you just pull the reins. Both together to go higher---
(he does so)

.../...

JOE
Can they do anything you want?

SANTA CLAUS
(an annoying old problem)
Anything but the Super-Dooper-Looper.

JOE
What's that?

SANTA CLAUS
I've been trying for years.

The TWINS look at each other ("Here we go again"). BLITZEN looks *** with compassion at DONNER who shuts his eyes, gulps.

SANTA CLAUS
Maybe tonight's the night.
(encouragingly)
What do you say, Donner? Let's give it the old College try!

LONG SHOT-- He begins to execute the difficult aeronautical manoeuvre, trying to do a loop-the-loop. But as the sleigh rises in the first half of the wide arc--

C.U. DONNER-- Panic, vertigo. Shakes his head, pitches forward.

LONG SHOT-- The loop attempt fails; the sleigh, after a jolt, regains its forward trajectory.

TWO SHOT-- PRANCER and DANCER make derogatory looks at each other as if to say, "He screwed up again."

SANTA CLAUS
(disappointed)
It didn't work again.
(quickly calling out to make DONNER feel better)
That's alright, boy, you'll get it next time!
(aside to JOE)
Tell him it's alright.

JOE
(with natural kindness)
Uh...hey, like, man, don't sweat it. It's cool, y'know.

SANTA
(smiles, then has a thought)
Say, would you like to drive for a while?

JOE can hardly believe his ears. The thrill of a lifetime.

JOE
Me??? Drive???

SANTA CLAUS
It's not too hard, Here--take the reins.

.../...

He passes them to JOE. The following business should remind us of a father teaching his son how to drive, as SANTA instructs and enjoys at the same time as he makes sure JOE doesn't make any wrong moves. At first JOE's attempts are that of a beginner -- jerky, abrupt, spasmodic moves (SEEN FROM AUDIENCE POV SUBJECTIVELY) but after a bit he begins to get the hang of it.

JOE
(as he swerves too sharply banking hard)
How'm I doin'? ***

SANTA CLAUS
(through clenched teeth)
Fine. +++

///

///

JOE
What do you call 'em?

SANTA CLAUS
Reindeer.

JOE
No, I mean what's their names?

SANTA CLAUS
Oh. Starting from the front, that's Donner and Blitzen, Comet and Cupid, Dancer and Prancer, then Dasher and Vixen.

JOE
(spurring them on, unknowingly quoting the famous poem:)
On Donner! On Blitzen!
On Dasher! On Vixen!

NEW ANGLE-- The reindeer follow the command, speed up, do one dazzling turn and then start down.

JOE
Where are we goin'?

SANTA CLAUS
We can't joyride all night, Joe. I've got a job, you know.

223 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 223

The living room of an apartment. A Christmas tree, a fireplace with stockings hung, a plate of cookies, etc. As SANTA

.../...

He passes them to JOE. The following business should remind us of a father teaching his son how to drive, as SANTA instructs and enjoys at the same time as he makes sure JOE doesn't make any wrong moves. At first JOE's attempts are that of a beginner -- jerky, abrupt, spasmodic moves (SEEN FROM AUDIENCE POV SUBJECTIVELY) but after a bit he begins to get the hang of it.

JOE
(after steering a bit)
How'm I doin'?

SANTA CLAUS
Fine!

JOE
Neat! How can I make them go faster?

SANTA CLAUS
Just tell them.

JOE
Oh.
(pause)
What do you call 'em?

SANTA CLAUS
Reindeer.

JOE
No, I mean what's their names?

SANTA CLAUS
Oh. Starting from the front, that's Donner and Blitzen, Comet and Cupid, Dancer and Prancer, then Dasher and Vixen.

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SANTA CLAUS
We can't joyride all night, Joe. I've got a job, you know.

223 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 223

The living room of an apartment. A Christmas tree, a fireplace with stockings hung, a plate of cookies, etc. As SANTA

.../...

leaves two red-and-green wrapped presents under the tree, a curious JOE wanders about the room, a kind of quiet yearning in his manner as he finds himself in a normal home. MOVE TO HIM as he contemplates a framed photograph showing the mother and father posing with a little boy by a lakeside.

JOE
Is this the kid who lives here?

SANTA CLAUS
Yup.

JOE
What did he get?

SANTA CLAUS
Fishing rod.

JOE
How come?

SANTA CLAUS
That's what he asked for in his letter.

JOE
You mean if a kid writes...
(impressed)
anything he wants?

ON SANTA-- He stops and looks at JOE, touched.

SANTA CLAUS
Didn't you ever write to me, Joe?

ON JOE-- Trying to act cool but not succeeding.

JOE
I never believed---
(quickly)
I mean, hey, like I never needed nothin'. See, I usually travel light.

ON SANTA-- There's a lot he'd like to say, a lot of feeling welling up inside, but this isn't the time or the place.

SANTA CLAUS
Well, let's travel now. Come on.

224/227 EXT. SKY - NEW YORK - NIGHT 224/227

The sleigh lands on a familiar structure: CORNELIA'S Townhouse.

228 INT. CORNELIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 228

CORNELIA sleeps in a lovely, frilly four-poster bed. Then:

Sound: From elsewhere in the house something falls and crashes.

.../...

It wakes her up. She sits up in bed. She starts to get out.

229 INT. LIVING ROOM - CORNELIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 229

JOE has bumped into a table and knocked over a lamp. As he puts it back up, while SANTA leaves a red-and-green package under the tree:

JOE
Hey, I'm sorry, I didn't see the---

WHIP PAN TO DOORWAY, where CORNELIA, in her nightgown, appears, eyes wide with astonishment at what she sees.

CORNELIA
OH!

JOE and SANTA spin around, caught in the act.

CORNELIA
(amazed)
Are you him? Are you Santa Claus?

SANTA CLAUS
Oh boy, I hate it when this happens.
(smiles)
Hello, little girl.

CORNELIA
(pointing at her present)
Is that my dolly?
(suddenly realises JOE is there too)
It's you!

JOE
(equally amazed)
You???

SANTA CLAUS
You two know each other?

The boy and the girl stare at each other, hypnotized for a moment, finally face-to-face after all this time.

CORNELIA
(suddenly shy)
I'm...Cornelia.

JOE
I'm Joe.

SANTA CLAUS
I'm in a hurry.

CORNELIA
Oh, it's a great pleasure to meet you, sir.
(cont)

.../...

CORNELIA (cont)
(points to plate on the mantlepiece)
Would you like some cookies? They're from Bloomingdale's.

SANTA CLAUS
Oh, chocolate chip. My favourite.
(takes two)

As he pauses to snack, MOVE TO TIGHTER TWO-SHOT as CORNELIA whispers to JOE.

CORNELIA
Are you his friend?

JOE
(trying to impress her)
Oh yeah, I help him out, like. Sometimes I drive the reindeer. And ...er...sometimes I...don't.

CORNELIA
(it worked: she is impressed)
Gee! Don't you have to get home?

JOE
Don't got a home.

CORNELIA
(she thinks that's about the neatest things she's ever heard)
You mean you get to stay out all night and nobody tells you it's bed-time? Lucky!

By now a little mating dance is going on here, a rite of courtship which SANTA finds endearing but time-consuming.

JOE
Hey, um, Cor...
(unsure)
...what's your name again?

CORNELIA
Cornelia.

JOE
That's too fancy.

CORNELIA
(downcast)
Oh.

JOE
I'll call you Corny.

C.U. CORNELIA-- she beams with delight at the nickname.

.../..

JOE
Listen, Corny, thanks for all the good food you gave me.

CORNELIA
(trying to make JOE stay)
I can make you a bowl of ice cream.

JOE
(tempted)
Well...
(torn between two loyalties)

SANTA CLAUS
(helping him out of his dilemma)
I tell you what, Joe, you stay and have something to eat. I'll see you again.

JOE
You will? You mean it?

SANTA CLAUS
Santa Claus doesn't lie, Joe. Next Christmas Eve, we've got a date. Okay?

JOE
You bet!

SANTA starts up the fireplace chimney, pauses:

SANTA CLAUS
(to CORNELIA)
Thanks for the cookies.

He stops, turns; something on his mind. +++

SANTA CLAUS +++
(to JOE) +++
You sure you're going to be all right? +++

CORNELIA +++
(reassuringly) +++
He'll be fine. +++

SANTA CLAUS gives them a farewell wave and--POOF!-- he vanishes. +++

ON THE KIDS-- watching him depart.

JOE
What a guy.

CORNELIA
Excellent.

230 EXT. SURBURBAN STREET - DAY 23

The results of PATCH's shoddy production methods are manifest.

From a typical suburban house, a happy BOY wheels his brand new Christmas bicycle-- the same kind we saw in the toyshop-- out the front door. He jumps in the seat and pedals down the street.

.../..

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JOE
You bet!

SANTA starts up the fireplace chimney, pauses:

SANTA CLAUS
(to CORNELIA)
Thanks for the cookies.

And---POOF!-- He vanishes.

ON THE KIDS-- watching him depart.

JOE
What a guy.

CORNELIA
Excellent.

230 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY 230

The results of PATCH's shoddy production methods are manifest.

From a typical suburban house, a happy BOY wheels his brand new Christmas bicycle-- the same kind we saw in the toyshop-- out the front door. He jumps in the seat and pedals down the street.

.../...

231 CLOSER ON THE FRONT WHEEL-- The wheel is wobbling a bit. 231

232 INSERT: The loosened screw coming out. 232

233 FULL SHOT: The front wheel detaches from the bike and the KID takes a bad spill, crashing on the sidewalk, scraping his knee. He begins to cry. 233

234 PAN RIGHT TO SEE a happy little GIRL coming down the same street, pulling her new red wagon with a doll in it. Suddenly the handle comes off and the wagon rolls backwards down the steep hill. 234

235 ON THE WAGON as it rolls into the gutter. At that very moment, a bus comes down the street, runs over the wagon and the doll. 235

236 C.U. THE LITTLE GIRL-- crying. 236

237 ZOOM PAST HER to the front lawn of the house, where a TODDLER trying to fit two pieces of a simple jigsaw puzzle together, gets frustrated when they just don't fit and begins to throw a temper tantrum. By now the off-screen howling of the BOY, the wailing of the GIRL and the screeching of the TODDLER have formed a dreadful chorus. 237

→ INSERT SCENES 248 & 249 — snow on ground & Christmas trees ← 238

238 INT. DOOLEY'S LIBRARY - DAY

MED. SHOT-- In F.G. DOOLEY sits at his desk, puffing his pipe, reading. Suddenly in B.G., with a tremendous clatter and crash about thirty broken toys come hurtling down the chimney and land with a terrific noise in a great heap. DOOLEY practically jumps out of his skin.

239 INT. SANTA'S QUARTERS - DAY 239

C.U. OF SANTA CLAUS-- A look of astonishment and horror.

SANTA CLAUS
Returns!!!! We've never had returns!

NEW ANGLE-- A very upset DOOLEY has just brought him the awful news. Nearby, ANYA, shocked to the core, sits and knits rapidly, too upset to speak.

///
///
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///
///
///
///
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///

.../..

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SANTA CLAUS
Returns!!!! We've never had returns!

NEW ANGLE-- A very upset DOOLEY has just brought him the awful news. Nearby, ANYA, shocked to the core, sits and knits rapidly, too upset to speak.

DOOLEY
I don't suppose you'll want to see the telegrams....

SANTA CLAUS
(shaking his head; dull despair)
Telegrams....

DOOLEY
Or the newspaper editorials.

.../...

DOOLEY
Maybe we should release some kind of statement....? ***

Sound: A timorous knock at the door.

ANYA opens it to reveal PATCH. The latter knows he's in big trouble but has decided to try and tough it out.

SANTA CLAUS
Oh.

PATCH
Hi there.

DOOLEY
(anxious to split)
Well, I've got a lot to do.
(goes quickly)

The awkwardness of the moment is so thick you can cut it with a knife. A hesitant beat of silence and then both start to talk at the same moment, the way you do:

SANTA CLAUS
Well, it's quite a---

PATCH
You see, the thing---

An embarrassed full stop. Then:

PATCH
The thing of it is---

SANTA CLAUS
(desperate to avoid saying the obvious)
I don't care about my image, that's never been my---

PATCH
You see, being tied down to a desk suits some elves, y'know, but others of us are more---well, free spirits.

SANTA CLAUS
I'm sure you had no idea--
(sweating)
Patch, how can I say this?

PATCH
(jumping in before he can hear the words he dreads)
Can we have a man-to-elf talk here?

And he removes the bright red Assistant's jacket; ANYA, trying not to burst into tears, turns away.

PATCH
I just feel that red really isn't my colour. It just doesn't suit my ...um...complexion.

.../..

SANTA CLAUS
Editorials....

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ANYA opens it to reveal PATCH. The latter knows he's in big trouble but has decided to try and tough it out.

SANTA CLAUS
Oh.

PATCH
Hi there.

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(anxious to split)
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And he removes the bright red Assistant's jacket; ANYA, trying not to burst into tears, turns away.

PATCH
I just feel that red really isn't my colour. It just doesn't suit my ...um...complexion.

.../..

He hands over the jacket, almost pulling it back.

PATCH
Of course, if you don't want--

SANTA CLAUS
(quickly, feeling rotten)
No, no, I'll take it---

And he does.

PATCH
(pure bravado now)
Now take Puffy, I bet he looks good in red.

Shaken, SANTA CLAUS takes the coat and silently leaves the room. PATCH stands there a moment, feeling like the world has collapsed.

ANYA
(emotionally)
That broke his heart, you know. It's the hardest thing he's ever had to do.

PATCH
(quietly)
It wasn't exactly a red-letter day for me, either. ***

ANYA
Will you be all right?

PATCH immediately puts on the stiff-upper lip don't-give-a-damn pose:

PATCH
Me? I couldn't be happier. I mean, let's face it, us free spirits, we can't be burdened down with all that responsibility stuff. Yes. Well, every elf has his place and mine should be in bed by now so I'll just toddle off. 'Night, m'am.

And whistling a brave little air, he turns and leaves.

239A INT. ELF COMPOUND - NIGHT 239A++-

CAMERA BEHIND PATCH as he descends the stairs from SANTA's cottage. He turns, looks into the workshop area and SEES (CAMERA ZOOMING TO IT) SANTA CLAUS, his back to CAMERA, handing the red Assistant's apron to a pleased PUFFY. +++

C.U. SANTA CLAUS-- Although he's trying to be pleased for PUFFY, the expression on his face shows great sorrow at this turn of events. ++-

.../..

He hands over the jacket, almost pulling it back.

PATCH
Of course, if you don't want--

SANTA CLAUS
(quickly, feeling rotten)
No, no, I'll take it---

And he does.

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(pure bravado now)
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Shaken, SANTA CLAUS takes the coat and silently leaves the room. PATCH stands there a moment, feeling like the world has collapsed.

ANYA
(emotionally)
That broke his heart, you know. It's the hardest thing he's ever had to do.

PATCH
(quietly)
It wasn't exactly a day at the beach for me, either.

ANYA
Will you be all right?

PATCH immediately puts on the stiff-upper lip don't-give-a-damn pose:

PATCH
Me? I couldn't be happier. I mean, let's face it, us free spirits, we can't be burdened down with all that responsibility stuff. Yes. Well, every elf has his place and mine should be in bed by now so I'll just toddle off. 'Night, m'am.

And whistling a brave little air, he turns and leaves.

240 INT. STABLES - NIGHT 240

PATCH, feeling very sorry for himself, enters, begins to gather up his possessions, talking to the reindeer (and to himself) with all the feelings he kept inside before.

PATCH
Wait till he wakes up and finds his free spirit has spirited himself away.

.../...

NEW PAGE: 29/8/84

64A

ON PATCH-- Stuhg by the tableau in front of him, quickly going down the stairs, trying not to show how upset he is in front of the others. +++ +++ +++

240 INT. STABLES - NIGHT 240

PATCH, feeling very sorry for himself, enters, begins to gather up his possessions, talking to the reindeer (and to himself) with all the feelings he kept inside before.

PATCH
Wait till he wakes up and finds his free spirit has spirited himself away.

CONTD PAGE 65

He opens a storage cabinet to get out a piece of cloth, stops, looks up. PAN UP: A glittering sack of the magic stardust on the top shelf.

PATCH
(bitter)
Oh yes, then you'll hear the crying and moaning, but it'll be too late. "I never appreciated old Patch," he'll say. "The old place isn't the same without good old Patch," he'll say. "Why didn't I tell him in time?"
(starting to crack) +++
He'll never have an Assistant as good as me! +++
(suddenly it all comes out of him in a burst of real emotion)
Let's face it, he just doesn't like me.

241 PAN C.U. THE REINDEER-- they look very serious. PAN STOPS ON DONNER as one large tear runs down his furry cheek. He stretches his back, as if reaching for PATCH. 241

PATCH
Oh boys, I am going to miss you, you know that, don't you---

242 He hugs DONNER tightly. 242

243 EXT. ELF VILLAGE - NIGHT 243

WIDE SHOT-- The middle of the night. All is still in the village. PATCH appears. He carries a stick with a bundle tied to it over his shoulder. TRACK WITH HIM as his footsteps crunch quietly in the snow.

243A WIDE SHOT-- The village in the distance with the rippling light in the shape of a Christmas tree, and part of the Aurora Borealis above it slowly vanishes. PATCH has stopped and looks at it motionless. He turns toward us and sadly exits frame. 243A

PATCH (v.o.) +++
I'll show him what I'm made of. I'll +++
make him take notice, I will, I will. +++

244 REVERSE: HOLD IN PLACE as he walks into the bleak frozen wasteland, AWAY FROM CAMERA. We now SEE for the first time that the bundle tied to the stick glows with a glittering sparkle. We realise he's filled it with the magic fodder. CAMERA HOLDS as the forlorn little figure gets smaller and smaller, walking away like Chaplin's "Tramp", fighting against the snow raised by gusts of wind. IRIS OUT on the dwindling shape, on the glittering bag of magical star-dust. 244

245 EXT. CAPITOL BUILDING - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY 245

ESTABLISHING SHOT-- The Capitol Building, home of the U.S. Senate.

.../..

He opens a storage cabinet to get out a piece of cloth, stops, looks up. PAN UP: A glittering sack of the magic stardust on the top shelf.

PATCH
(bitter)
Oh yes, then you'll hear the crying and moaning, but it'll be too late. "I never appreciated old Patch," he'll say. "The old place isn't the same without good old Patch," he'll say. "Why didn't I tell him in time?"
(suddenly it all comes out of him in a burst of real emotion)
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245 EXT. CAPITOL BUILDING - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY 245

ESTABLISHING SHOT-- The Capitol Building, home of the U.S. Senate.

.../...

246 INT. SENATE HEARING ROOM - DAY 246

WIDE SHOT-- A Senate Sub-Committee Hearing in progress. The familiar setting: seated at a long table are seven or eight SENATORS on the Sub-Committee. Seated across at the witness table is a MAN being questioned and his LAWYER sitting next to him. PRESS, SPECTATORS, TELEVISION CREWS, AIDES everywhere in the big room.

Continued on page 247

The man on the spot is a middle-aged industrialist who wears an expensive, conservative three-piece dark suit. He is venal, arrogant, abusive, rotten to the core. This is the founder and president of the B.Z. Toy Company, and his name is, ergo, B.Z.

At the moment, he is sweating under the tough questioning of the SENATOR who is CHAIRMAN of the Sub-Committee. Between them is a display table on which stand a doll and a stuffed Panda.

CHAIRMAN
(righteously angry)
Now sir, I am asking you if these two toys are manufactured by your company, the B.Z. Toy Manufacturing Corporation.

B.Z.
(as his LAWYER whispers in his ear)
...Uh, they appear to be our products, Senator.

An AIDE steps up to the table, and, as cameras whirr and click, he places an ash-tray with a lit cigarette next to the doll. In seconds, the doll's dress catches fire and goes up in flames.

Gasps all round.

CHAIRMAN
(eyes blazing)
What do you say to that, sir?

B.Z.
(trying to joke his way out of it)
Well, Senator, I always knew smoking was dangerous. Heh-heh...

CHAIRMAN
(angrily)
This is not a laughing matter, sir! This is a tragedy waiting to happen!
(playing to the gallery) +++
You, sir, are a disgrace to your profession! +++
(signals to AIDE) +++

B.Z.
(squirming)
With all due respect, Senator---

The AIDE snaps off the Panda's head easily, turns it over. ZOOM INTO THE TABLE as the stuffing falls out, to see it contains sharp nails and shards of broken glass.

CHAIRMAN
(heavy irony)
And I believe this toy is advertised as "suitable for three-year olds!"

ON B.Z. having a whispered conference with the LAWYER.

.../..

The man on the spot is a middle-aged industrialist who wears an expensive, conservative three-piece dark suit. He is venal, arrogant, abusive, rotten to the core. This is the founder and president of the B.Z. Toy Company, and his name is, ergo, B.Z.

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ON B.Z. having a whispered conference with the LAWYER.

.../...

B.Z.
Senator, I'm more astonished than you are to see this. I can only conclude that one of my employees in a misguided effort to cut costs, made these errors in judgement. I guarantee that if these are not isolated examples, I'll make sure it never occurs again.

ANOTHER SENATOR
Oh come now---

CHAIRMAN
You'd better do more than that, sir. You'd better recall every B.Z. toy on the market or I'll personally see to it that your license to manufacture and distribute in the United States is revoked.

B.Z.
(mopping brow)
Senator, may I---

CHAIRMAN
(pounds gavel)
Next witness!

247 INT. SANTA'S QUARTERS - DAY 247

A grim tableau: SANTA CLAUS and ANYA, having just heard the news, look stunned. DOOLEY, BOOG, HONKA and VOUT, having just brought the news, look upset.

SANTA CLAUS
(his head in his hands)
Patch gone, and it's all my---

ANYA
It's not your fault.

DOOLEY makes a sign for the other THREE ELVES to join in agreement.

HONKA, BOOG AND VOUT
Not your fault, Santa.

SANTA CLAUS
(greatly distressed)
Where will he go? What will he do? The world is no place for an elf!

BOOG
The world's a nice enough place, isn't it? ***

.../...

VOUT
I mean, we get such nice letters from there, it must be.

HONKA
Don't worry about Patch. He can take care of himself. He knows the art of elf-defence.

248 EXT. GHETTO STREET - NEW YORK - DAY 248

A tough city street in a run-down neighborhood, where JOE is getting beaten up by THREE TOUGH KIDS. He's giving as good as he gets, though, defending his hero with furious indignation.

JOE
He's not a gyp! He's a great guy!

FIRST KID
Bull! His toys are cheap crap!

SECOND KID
His presents suck!

Punching and wrestling. TWO KIDS grab him while the THIRD socks him.

THIRD KID
Whaddyou care? Nobody ever gave you nothin'.

249 EXT. ATHLETIC FIELD - EXCLUSIVE GIRLS' SCHOOL - DAY 249

A recess field hockey game among the rich young ladies of a private girls' school has turned into an argument: CORNELIA vs. TWO SNOOTY CLASSMATES.

FIRST GIRL
(disdainfully)
How can you be so dumb, Cornelia. Everyone knows he gives out shoddy cheap toys. My daddy say he's an old fake.

CORNELIA
(tears of rage)
He is not! He's the nicest man in the whole world!

SECOND GIRL
My parents gave me a doll where she says whole sentences on a cassette. Too bad, Cornelia, you don't have any parents, so nyaaaaaah.

.../..

Furious, CORNELIA takes a good swipe at the rotten kid. In B.G. a TEACHER blows her whistle and runs over to stop the fight.

250 EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - EVENING 250

The brightly lit windows of a toy store are prominent in SHOT as:

251 EFFECTS: Suddenly PATCH "materializes" on a city street in mid-town Manhattan. As he looks around, getting his bearings, typically blase NEW YORKERS walk on by, paying him no attention. Something has arrested PATCH's curiosity. 251

252 WHAT HE SEES: In the toy store window, CLERKS are removing an entire exhibition of toys gathered under a logo banner saying "B.Z. TOYS-- FOR HAPPY GIRLS AND BOYS". 252

253 ON PATCH-- impressed, he turns to a WINO loitering nearby and speaks: 253 +++ +++

PATCH
They must be very popular. Look how fast they're selling...

The WINO finds it hard to believe that this bizarre apparition of an elf has just spoken to him. He looks at his wine bottle. shakes his head and tosses it in the gutter, shaking his head. (NOTE: ALERT THE GUINESS BOOK OF RECORDS TO THE FACT THAT THIS IS THE 1000th TIME THIS GAG HAS BEEN USED IN A MOTION PICTURE) +++ +++ +++

254 EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY 254

A Corporate helicopter, emblazoned B.Z. TOY COMPANY lands on the pad at a heliport. A very harassed looking B.Z. gets out and walks a few steps to a waiting limousine, similarly monogrammed. A big CHAUFFEUR holds open the door; B.Z. gets in.

255 INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY 255

As the limo drives down a suburban/countryish road away from the heliport in B.G., we see a harried looking man, visibly nervous and afraid of B.Z. seated next to him in back. This is his chief assistant and Head of Research and Development, DR. ERIC TOWZER-- a toadying individual, completely in thrall to the boss. The chauffeur is a big, tough-looking brute named GRIZZARD. There's a bar and a T.V. set in back. ***

B.Z.
(grimly)
Okay, Towzer, give it to me straight. ***

TOWZER ***
The retail outlets are pulling our toys off the shelves so fast you'd think they were disease carriers.

B.Z.
(muttering)
Cowards....

.../..

TANZER
An article in the Times said that anyone who gives his child a B.Z. Toy should be arrested as a child molestor.

B.Z.
Swine. Cancel my subscription.

TANZER
We've got to meet a payroll by the end of the month for 2000 factory workers--

B.Z.
Commies....

TANZER
-- and our cash flow is flowing the wrong way, right down the toilet.

B.Z.
You sure know how to cheer a guy up, Tanzer.

TANZER
What'll we do, B.Z.?

B.Z.
(exploding)
Fire Simmonds! Tell him he's got one hour to clean out his desk.

TANZER
Simmonds? Vice-President of Operations Simmonds??

B.Z.
Put the blame squarely on him. Put out a statement.

TANZER
(ashen)
But...Simmonds has been with the firm for thirty years.

B.Z.
(his credo:)
If you can't stand the heat, don't work in hell.

256 EXT. B.Z. TOY COMPANY HEADQUARTERS - DAY 256

The limo pulls through the gate of a large industrial complex. An office building (flat roof) and adjoining buildings. A large sign proclaims: B.Z. TOYS "FOR HAPPY GIRLS AND BOYS".

.../...

257 INT. EXECUTIVE SUITE - OUTER OFFICE - DAY 257

Still bristling with anger and annoyance, B.Z. sweeps through the outer-office heading for his own office behind the mahogany doors. Seated at the desk is a dour looking woman with a permanent nervous twitch from years of being bullied-- his private secretary, MISS ABRUZZI.

B.Z.
Miss Abruzzi!

MISS ABRUZZI
Yes, B.Z.?

B.Z.
No calls! No visitors! No nothing!

He enters his office, slams the door behind him so hard the pictures on the walls sway.

258 INT. B.Z.'S OFFICE - DAY 258

A richly appointed, wood-panelled office. On one wall, in addition to photos and trophies and plaques, etc, are shelves of the best-selling toys in the company's catalogue-- including the notorious flammable doll and the infamous stuffed panda.

B.Z.'s desk is extra-large, up on a platform so that anybody who sits across from him is considerably lower than the boss. The well-known Mussolini School of interior decoration. As he enters the room, the big leather swivel chair behind his desk has its back facing the room. Suddenly the clear, near voice of PATCH is heard:

PATCH
Keeping banker's hours, eh? I thought you'd never get here.

The leather chair swivels around. There, smiling confidently, putting his feet up on the desk, is PATCH en pleine forme.

REACTION, B.Z.-- Startled.

B.Z.
Who the hell--
(hollers)
Miss Abruzzi!!

He rushes toward the intercom to signal his secretary:

PATCH
(ultra-casual)
Don't bother with that. If anybody comes in, I'll just vanish.

B.Z.
(?????)
You'll what???

.../...

PATCH
Vanish. Like this.

EFFECTS: PATCH disappears. Now you see him, now you don't.

ON B.Z.-- Totally discombobulated, looking around.

B.Z.
Hello?

From another direction, the voice of PATCH:

PATCH (v.o.)
Hi.

PAN TO SEE HIM suddenly appearing on the mantlepiece, smiling his smile.

B.Z.
(jaw agape)
How did you do that???

PATCH
You make toys, right?

B.Z.
(nervously)
Are you from the Federal Trade Commission?

PATCH
I'm from the North Pole.

B.Z.
(irritated)
Look, junior, I've got enough troubles without having to deal with an escaped lunatic.

PATCH
(a bit taken aback)
How did you know I escaped?

B.Z.
What are you?

PATCH
Isn't it elf-explanatory? **:

B.Z.
Howzzat? **:

PATCH
I'm an elf. **:

B.Z.
Yeah, but seriously, what are you? **:
A fairy?

PATCH
I'll try to forget you said that. **:

.../...

PATCH
Vanish. Like this.

EFFECTS: PATCH disappears. Now you see him, now you don't.

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(irritated)
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PATCH
(a bit taken aback)
How did you know I escaped?

B.Z.
What are you?

PATCH
The answer to your prayers.

B.Z.
I never pray.

C.U. B.Z. trying to figure this out.

B.Z.
Are you...a fairy?

PATCH
(offended)
How'd you like a knuckle sandwich?

.../...

B.Z.
(a little frightened)
What's your game?

PATCH
Nine-pins. Do you play?

B.Z.
(thoroughly rattled)
Why are you here?

PATCH
I gather you're a great toy-giver. I'm a great toy-maker. We should get together.

B.Z.
Why would I do that?

PATCH
Well, you know the old saying: "Heaven helps those who help their elf."

B.Z.
But what do you want from me?

PATCH
I want to help you.

B.Z.
Why?

PATCH
(a tremulous note creeps into his voice now)
So Santa Claus will appreciate me.

B.Z.
(convinced)
I was right. You are a lunatic.

PATCH
Don't you believe in Santa Claus?

B.Z.
Why should I?
(petulantly)
He never brought me anything.

PATCH
That's because you probably were a naughty boy.

C.U. B.Z.-- a nostalgic smile begins to form on his face-- the kind of nostalgic smile Atilla the Hun might have remembering past massacres.

B.Z.
(pleased with the memory)
Yeah, I guess I was no angel.
(in a better mood now)
What did you have in mind, elf?

.../..

B.Z.
An elf?

PATCH
Bingo.

B.Z.
(a little frightened)
What do you want from me?

PATCH
I want to help you.

B.Z.
Why?

PATCH
(a tremulous note creeps into his voice now)
So Santa Claus will appreciate me.

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B.Z.
(pleased with the memory)
Yeah, I guess I was no angel.
(in a better mood now)
What did you have in mind, elf?

PATCH hops down from his perch.

PATCH
Just let me use your toy factory.

B.Z.
To make what?

PATCH
Something special. Here's the deal. First you stop making all your regular toys.
(cont)

.../...

PATCH hops down from his perch.

PATCH
Just let me use your toy factory.

B.Z.
To make what?

PATCH
Something special. Here's the idea. First you stop making all your regular toys.
(gestures at those on display on shelf)
I'm sure they're fine and dandy, dandy and fine, but we won't need them anymore.

Little does he know how attractive this sounds to B.Z., who pulls his chair closer.

PATCH
Tell me something. You're a man of the world and I'm just an elf of the top-of-the-world. How can we tell all the people about my "something special"?

B.Z.
Advertise.

PATCH
(a new word to him)
How do you do that?

B.Z.
In my line, television works best.

PATCH
(recalling)
Oh...those little picture box thingies? Can we get on those?

B.Z.
With money a horse in a hoopskirt can get on television.

PATCH
Money. I don't know much about that.

B.Z.
Good. Let's keep it that way.

PATCH
You just fix it so I can be on tele-whatchallit.

.../...

PATCH (contd)
(gestures at those
on display on shelf)
I'm sure they're quite nice, but
we won't need them anymore.

Little does he know how attractive this sounds to B.Z., who pulls his chair closer.

PATCH **
Tell me something. You're a man
of the world and I'm just an elf
of the top-of-the-world. How can
we tell all the people about my
"something special"?

B.Z.
Advertise.

PATCH
(a new word to him)
How do you do that?

B.Z.
In my line, television works best.

PATCH
(recalling)
Oh...those little picture box
gizmos? Can we get on those?

B.Z.
With money a horse in a hoopskirt
can get on television.

PATCH
Okay, this is absolutely essential,
then: I want you to buy one minute
on television next Christmas Eve.

B.Z.
What channel?.....

PATCH
Every channel. Every network. Every
station in every country in the world.

ON B.Z. -- Looking like he's been hit by a brick.

B.Z.
That would cost a fortune!!

PATCH
(soothingly)
Hey, you got to spend money to make
money. Besides, that's all the
advertising you'll ever need.

.../..

B.Z.
When?

PATCH
Christmas Eve.

B.Z.
For how long?

PATCH
Is a minute all right?

B.Z.
What channel?

PATCH
(confused)
I've read about the English Channel. Is that one of them?
(catching on)
Ah, you mean, what tele-thingamabob in what country? All of them.

B.Z.
All of them?

PATCH
All the countries. All the channel thingies.
(rationally)
Well, it's only for one minute.

ON B.Z.-- looking like he's been hit by a brick.

B.Z.
That would cost a fortune!!

PATCH
If you give extra kisses, you get bigger hugs. That's what Santa's wife always says.

B.Z.
(wonderingly)
You really are an elf, huh?

PATCH
(soothingly)
Anyway, that's all the "advertising" you'll ever need.

B.Z.
It better be. How many workers does this ...eh...this product require?

PATCH
Just me.

B.Z.
(almost salivating)
No payroll?

.../...

B.Z.
It better be. How many workers does this...eh...this product require?

PATCH
Just me.

B.Z.
(almost salivating)
No payroll?

PATCH
My needs are small. A bowl of stew -- heavy on the dill, a cold place to sleep--

B.Z.
How much will this cost?

PATCH
Cost? Cost who?

B.Z.
The people who buy the toys.

Continued on page 75

PATCH
My needs are small. A bowl of stew -- heavy on the dill -- a cold place to sleep--

B.Z.
How much will this cost?

PATCH
Cost? Cost who?

B.Z.
The people who buy the toys.

PATCH
(blithely)
Oh, nothing. We're gonna give it away free.

ON B.Z.-- He looks like he's about to have a heart attack.

PATCH.
(impressed)
Oooh, how do you do that? Turn all red in the face so fast?!

B.Z.
(finally getting the words out)
Give something away? For free??

PATCH
That's how we do it at the North Pole.

B.Z.
(sputtering)
Yes, well, that isn't how we do it in a free enterprise society where---

CAMERA BEGINS TO MOVE IN ON CLOSER SHOT OF B.Z. as he suddenly gets a thought.

B.Z.
(talking to himself as much as to PATCH)
Hmmm...on the other hand, this would go a long way to cleaning up my public image...

PATCH
What's that?

B.Z.
(musingly)
Hmm, not a bad investment, all that good p.r.---
(eyes shining)
I'm intrigued.

.../..

PATCH
(blithely)
Oh, nothing. We're gonna give it away free.

ON B.Z.-- he looks like he's about to have a heart attack.

PATCH
Gee, that's the first time I ever saw anybody choke on air.

B.Z.
(finally getting the words out)
Give something away? For free??

PATCH
That's how we do it at the North Pole.

B.Z.
(sputtering)
Yes, well, that isn't how we do it in a free enterprise society where--

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(musingly)
Hmm, not a bad investment, all that good p.r.---
(eyes shining)
I'm intrigued.

PATCH
I'll say you are. You're drooling on your tie.

B.Z.
Have you had any experience in toy manufacturing?

PATCH
I'm entirely elf-taught.
(pause)
What do you say, B.Z.?

.../...

PATCH
Excuse me, you're drooling on your tie.

B.Z.
I know, I said I was intrigued, didn't I? Now, listen, have you had any experience in toy manufacturing?

PATCH
I'm entirely elf-taught.
(pause)
What do you say, B.Z.?

SCENE CONTD AS BEFORE OF PAGE 76

B.Z.
(voraciously)
This...this product you say they'll all want...what is it?

MOVE IN TOWARDS PATCH

PATCH
It's something that's easy to make. It's cheap. It's simple. And you can turn them out by the thousands. And...

B.Z.
(wildly excited)
Yes? And??

PATCH
(the pièce de resistance:)
It's got a secret ingredient!

PATCH reaches into his pocket, takes out something. MOVE IN TIGHT TO HIS CLENCHED HAND. His fingers open. We SEE what he holds: a few grains of the glittering, sparkling, powerful, magical flying fodder.

259 EXT. B.Z. FACTORY BUILDING - DAY 259

ESTABLISHING SHOT, the factory. A summer day.

260 INT. FACTORY - DAY 260

WIDE SHOT-- B.Z. and TANZER stride across a now-empty work area toward a distant doorway. DR. TANZER carries a briefcase. Their footsteps echo in the vast space. CLOSER ON THEM, TRACKING:

B.Z.
(expansively)
Look around you-- no smelly workers, no strikes, no payroll-- it's practically Paradise!

TANZER
Still, giving this toy away for free---

B.Z.
That, Dr. Tanzer, is precisely why I am a Captain of Industry and you are an insignificant schlepper. Sure, the first Christmas it's free. But the next one, we say, "You want it? Again? Bigger? Better? Well, this time it's gonna cost you".

.../...

TANZER
How much?

B.Z.
A hundred bucks? Two hundred?

TANZER
Where would they get that kind of money?

B.Z.
What do I care where they get it as long as it comes rolling in, eh?
(he links his fingers together and cracks all his knuckles)
Ahhh, wonderful thing, cracking your knuckles. It's the pleasantest sound in the world.

By now they have reached the far door.

Sound: Now we can hear pounding, hammering, clanging noises from inside the adjoining area.

TANZER
What's he building in there?

B.Z.
I'm not sure. He says it's the "delivery system".

261 By now they have reached the locked metal door. A sign on it says "KEEP OUT". B.Z. is about to knock, when suddenly the door opens and PATCH is standing there. He holds a brightly painted wooden soldier in his hand; his sleeves are rolled up; he looks like somebody who has been interrupted at his work. Behind him, various gaily painted toys are scattered on the floor. (Later we will realize these are the components of the "delivery system".) 261 *** ***

PATCH
Yes?

B.Z.
We've brought the prototypes for ...it.

ON THE BRIEFCASE, as he raises the lid. Inside are five lollipops resting on a velvet cushion. A round one. A square one. A long, thin one. A big all-day sucker one. A small one. Different colours and/or flavours.

PATCH
(a cursory glance at them)
That one.

TANZER
What colour?

.../...

TANZER
How much?

B.Z.
A hundred bucks? Two hundred?

TANZER
Where would they get that kind of money?

B.Z.
What do I care where they get it as long as it comes rolling in, eh?
(he links his fingers together and cracks all his knuckles)
Ahhh, wonderful thing, cracking your knuckles. It's the pleasantest sound in the world.

By now they have reached the far door.

Sound: Now we can hear pounding, hammering, clanging noises from inside the adjoining area.

TANZER
What's he building in there?

B.Z.
I'm not sure. He says it's the "delivery system".

261 By now they have reached the locked metal door. A sign on it says "KEEP OUT". B.Z. is about to knock, when suddenly the door opens and PATCH is standing there. He holds a wrench in his hand; his sleeves are rolled up; he looks like somebody who has been interrupted at his work. Behind him, various gaily painted toys are scattered on the floor. (Later we will realize these are the components of the "delivery system".) 261 ***

PATCH
Yes?

B.Z.
We've brought the prototypes for ...it.

ON THE BRIEFCASE, as he raises the lid. Inside are five lollipops resting on a velvet cushion. A round one. A square one. A long, thin one. A big all-day sucker one. A small one. Different colours and/or flavours.

PATCH
(a cursory glance at them)
That one.

TANZER
What colour?

.../...

PATCH
(couldn't care less)
What colour do you like?

TANZER
I like puce.

B.Z.
You would.

PATCH
What's puce?

TANZER
It's like fuschia, but a shade less lavender and a bit more pink.

B.Z.
Tanzer, sometimes I wonder about you.

PATCH
Fine, puce then. As long as it tastes good.

262 Without another word, PATCH shuts the door in their faces. 262

TANZER
(awkwardly, trying to be funny)
If this catches on, we can come out with a liquid version. Puce juice.

He starts to laugh, then sees B.Z. isn't joining him. With a scowl, B.Z. turns and walks off.

263 INT. SANTA'S COTTAGE - NIGHT 263

In his easy chair, SANTA sits whittling a block of wood. ANYA comes in from the kitchen.

ANYA
Oh my! You haven't made one of those since...

INSERT: He's been carving a toy wooden elf, the first time since they were peasants.

SANTA CLAUS
(feelings coming out)
He makes me think what our son would have been like, Anya.

ANYA
This Joe?

SANTA CLAUS
Nobody's ever given him a present. And he's too proud to ask.

.../..

She takes it from his hand.

ANYA
Why, it's him! It's Patch!

INSERT, TIGHTER: It isn't just any old elf; it looks exactly like PATCH.

SANTA CLAUS
(embarrassed)
No, it isn't, it's just a...well, I suppose it resembles...
(he stops dissembling now, looks at the carved PATCH, then at her, worried:)
My good old Patch, I hope he's... all right.

FAST CUT TO:

264 INT. T.V. STUDIO - NIGHT 264 **

CLOSE ON PATCH, who looks quite snazzy in a highly styled Pierre Cardin version of basic elf attire made entirely of patchwork squares in a multi-coloured crazy-quilt pattern. He looks a bit uncomfortable and uncharacteristically unsure of himself as he addresses TANZER who stands beside him:

PATCH
I don't know about this. It isn't what the North Pole looks like at all.

PULL BACK AND WIDEN-- a set of incredible vulgarity has been constructed, with giant outsize "toys" in garish colours, plus a line of nubile chorus girls dressed as "elves" in spangled, skin-tight costumes. It's all a perversion of Elfdom as executed by the heavy hand of B.Z.

TANZER
Look, B.Z. knows what he's doing. He knows how to grab the people.

PATCH
But this isn't real.

TANZER
The public doesn't want reality. They want the dream!

DIRECTOR'S VOICE
(over amplifier)
Places, everybody.

ANNOUNCER (v.o.)
Live! From New York! Presenting... direct from the North Pole, that perky pixie, that nimble gnome, the elf himself! It's PATCH!

.../..

As the T.V. spot begins the awkwardness and confusion PATCH feels is compounded by his unfamiliarity with the technological aspects of the situation, especially the electronic cue-card crawl machine that has his lines rolling sometimes too fast, sometimes too slow, sometimes on Camera One, sometimes on Camera Two and so on. The effect is to render the usually self-assured PATCH into a confused pawn in a game not of his own devising.

Throughout the following, we SEE from time to time a harassed FLOOR MANAGER, earphones on his head, cables trailing from him, clipboard in hand, trying to make order out of imminent chaos. For instance, at a point when PATCH gets hopelessly garbled on T.V. Camera Two, the FLOOR MANAGER in the nick of time calls out, "Camera Three! Camera Three!" so that they switch to the chorus girls while he hurriedly shoves PATCH into the correct position just in time for his next bit. +++

264A The Chorus girl "elves" begin to strut their stuff around PATCH 264A
who takes a deep breath and smiles winningly at the T.V. camera.
All the snippets sung by the GIRLS are "revised" versions of
well-known Christmas carols. Thus:

GIRLS
(singing and dancing)
On the first day of Christmas
My true love gave to me--
A Patch present under the tree.

265 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 265

A living room in a typical American House on Christmas Eve.
The PARENTS are trimming the tree; the KIDS are watching T.V.

266 PATCH (on T.V.) 266
(a rhythmical doggerel)
From the Old North Pole
Where the elves make toys
Here's a Christmas treat
For you girls and boys!
Oh, my name is Patch,
And as you can tell,
I'm an elf myself,
So let's give a yell!

CHORUS GIRLS
(shouting it out)
Patch! Natch! Patch! Natch!

267 INT. DOOLEY'S LIBRARY - NIGHT 267

DOOLEY, GOOBER and PUFFY are watching the toy-like T.V. set in the imformation centre of the North Pole. They watch PATCH with grim, tight-lipped expressions.

DOOLEY
Quick. Get him in here right now

PUFFY runs out to get SANTA.

.../..

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DOOLEY
Quick. Get him in here right now

PUFFY runs out to get SANTA.

268 EXT. T.V. APPLIANCE STORE - NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT 268

In the window of a T.V. appliance store, five or six T.V. sets play for the benefit of the people on the sidewalk.

269 Every channel shows the same thing: PATCH. 269

270 Watching alone on the cold, empty street is JOE. He looks worried, as: 270

.../..

268 EXT. T.V. APPLIANCE STORE - NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT 268

In the window of a T.V. appliance store, five or six T.V. sets play for the benefit of the people on the sidewalk.

269 Every channel shows the same thing: PATCH 269

270 Watching alone on the cold, empty street is JOE. He looks perplexed, as: 270 ***

271 PATCH (T.V.) 271
Well, the patchwork present
Comes from me.
You'll find it under
the Christmas Tree.
And best of all, you will agree,
Is that it's absolutely FREE!

CHORUS GIRLS (T.V.)
(singing)
Deck the halls with Patch's lolly!
Fa-la-la-la-la! La-la-la-la!

He holds up a small box, decorated with a patchwork motif like his outfit.

272 INT. CORNELIA'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT 272

CORNELIA sits in the living room, watching her television screen, looking just as worried as JOE did.

273 PATCH (T.V.) 273
When you look inside,
Here's what you'll find:
(looking most unhappy
with this bit:)
A little puce candy
That'll blow your mind!

CHORUS GIRLS
(shouting it out)
Patch! Natch! Patch! Natch!
Snatch the batch from Patch!
Natch!
(now singing "reverently")
Silent night, Silent night
In your window, leave a puce light....

Managing a shaky looking grin, PATCH waves farewell to the camera.

274 T.V. SPOT ENDS. At that moment, MISS TUCKER enters the room. 274

MISS TUCKER
Cornelia, your step-uncle has
stopped by for a minute. Go on
in and wish him a Merry Christmas.

Still worried about what she just saw, CORNELIA starts out of the room.

.../..

271 PATCH (T.V.) 271 **

Well, the patchwork present
Comes from me.
You'll find it under
the Christmas Tree.
And best of all, you will agree,
Is that it's absolutely FREE!

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stopped by for a minute. Go on
in and wish him a Merry Christmas.

Still worried about what she just saw, CORNELIA starts out of the room.

Continued on page 81

275 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT 275

She walks down the hall to the closed doors of the library, opens the door, enters.

276 INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT 276

CAMERA JUST BEHIND CORNELIA-- Across the room someone is seated in a chair, his back to the door. A puff of cigar smoke rises above him.

CORNELIA
Merry Christmas, Uncle.

The chair rapidly swivels around as CAMERA ZOOMS IN FAST, a la Psycho, to C.U. OF THE MAN IN THE CHAIR. It is B.Z. who is watching T.V.

B.Z.
(happily)
It certainly should be!

INT. DOOLEY'S LIBRARY - INFORMATION CENTRE - NIGHT 277

A grim faced SANTA stands with DOOLEY, ANYA and PUFFY watching as the PATCH T.V. spot concludes.

SANTA CLAUS
Well, at least he's all right.

PUFFY +++
He looks awfully elf-involved. +++

DOOLEY
Not to say elf-determined. +++
(to SANTA)
What are you going to do?

SANTA CLAUS
It's Christmas Eve, isn't it? I'm going to do my job the way I always do.

He turns and leaves the room, looking determined.

PUFFY +++
(indicating T.V. screen) +++
I'll tell you what I think. I think +++
Patch is greedy. +++

DOOLEY +++
(with a sigh) +++
Not greedy. Maybe just a little +++
bit elfish. +++

SCENE 278
CONTD
AS
BEFORE
PAGE
81A

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(happily)
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DOOLEY
What are you going to do?

SANTA CLAUS
It's Christmas Eve, isn't it?
I'm going to do my job the way
I always do.

He turns and leaves the room, looking determined.

278 INT. WAREHOUSE FLOOR - B.Z. FACTORY - NIGHT 278

WIDE SHOT: A vast open space, like a warehouse floor, in the factory. As the elevator arrives, awaiting B.Z. and TANZER are GRIZZARD, MISS ABRUZZI and three or four technicians in patchwork-patterned coveralls. At one end of the room are two large doors, like the portals of an airplane hangar. At this point, they are shut.

As B.Z. steps out of the elevator, rubbing his hands together in anticipation, his sycophants crowd around him.

B.Z.
Well? Where is he?

All turn to look, and CAMERA PANS TO CURTAINED AREA. The curtain starts to rise.

.../

3 INT. WAREHOUSE FLOOR - B.Z. FACTORY - NIGHT 278

WIDE SHOT: A vast open space, like a warehouse floor, in the factory. As the elevator arrives, awaiting B.Z. and TOWZER are GRIZZARD, MISS ABRUZZI and three or four technicians in patch-work patterned coveralls. At one end of the room are two large doors, like the portals of an airplane hangar. At this point, they are shut.

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B.Z.
Well? Where is he?

All turn to look, and CAMERA PANS TO CURTAINED AREA. The curtain starts to rise.

CONTD
PAGE
82

BEGIN TIGHT ON a chrome figure of a reindeer that looks just like one from the North Pole. CAMERA PULLS SLOWLY BACK AND WIDENS as we realize this is the hood ornament on the radiator of a car. As we SEE the car revealed, we should be astonished: it is an enormous automobile entirely made up of different toys. The hood looks like a jigsaw puzzle, the headlights are the drum heads of toy soldiers, the gas tank is a toy mushroom cap, the tires are over-inflated beach balls with gaily striped colours, the antennae are plastic pinwheels, a great spinning top is over the motor and two outsize roman candles mounted on top are the exhaust pipes. The back is an open rumble seat of capacious size which is filled with an endless pile of patch-work packages like the one we saw in the T.V. commercial, Seated behind the wheel, clad once again in his normal elf garb but with the addition of a race-driver's helmet, is PATCH. ***

Beside it is a gas pump, also rather toy-like in design, more like an illustration in a children's book than a real one. Its interior and its hose are transparent, so that we can see that it holds gallons and gallons of gasoline mixed with the magical stardust "feed". The liquid sparkles and glitters.

NEW ANGLE-- as technicians go to the pump and fill the car's tank.

As PATCH turns on the ignition, an extraordinary manifestation, like a toy-shop window coming to life: the tin soldiers play a drum roll and their drums spin round and become brightly lit headlamps. The tops spin, the pinwheels turn, the mushrooms piston up and down, the beach ball tires start to turn, the entire car becomes animated and excited. PATCH presses the horn and the eight notes we remember as the musical jingle phrase of his commercial ring out.

ON B.Z. -- the greatest moment of his life is at hand.

B.Z.
(triumphant, cheering)
Knock 'em dead, kid! Knock 'em dead!

Towzer
~~TANZER~~
(all choked up, fervently:)
It's moments like this that make me proud to be an American. Free Enterprise, by God! This could never happen in Russia. ***

MISS ABRUZZI
(a real cheerleader)
All the way, Patch! Go for it, baby!

IN A SERIES OF SPECTACULAR SHOTS:

.../...

1. The Patchmobile rolls off the turntable and moves toward the hangar doors.

2. The motor revs up. The roman candle exhaust pipes fire puce smoke.

3. INSERTS OF PATCH shifting gears, putting his foot on the accelerator.

279 4. FULL SHOT: The hangar doors open automatically, revealing the sky, surrounding countryside, and far off in the distance the night-time skyline of Manhattan. 279

Contd/.....
Page 83

280 5. We are on the third or fourth floor of the building. The Patchmobile picks up speed and goes right through the open doors. But instead of falling, it flies! In a dazzling take-off, the flying car zooms straight out like a rocket going with terrific speed, a jet trail of puce smoke shooting from its roman candle exhaust pipes. 280

281 6. The B.Z. bunch let out a resounding cheer. 281

7. B.Z., enthralled turns to TANZER in triumph:

B.Z.
He did it! That little son-of-a-gun! He said he'd do it and he did it!

282 EXT. ELF VILLAGE - NIGHT 282

LONG SHOT-- The sleigh with SANTA at the reins comes zooming out of the tunnel and takes off into the sky. We hear ELVES give their customary cheer.

282A EXT. NEW YORK - ROOF TOP - NIGHT 282A***

We are shooting up from street level. A small PATCH and his Patchmobile appear behind the roof top of the building and EXITS FRAME LEFT. After a beat, a small SANTA CLAUS and his sleigh ENTER FRAME RIGHT and disappear behind the same rooftop.

283 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 283

The same setting as the one where SANTA left a fishing rod last year. As he takes a red-and-green present from his sack and goes to put it under the tree, he spots something already there.

ZOOM TO IT: It's just a very thin little patchwork package, four inches long and narrow. Just the right size for a lollipop.

CLOSER-- SANTA stares at it, comes closer, mesmerized by the sight. He reaches tentatively out to it, but then pulls his hand back, unwilling to touch it.

284 EXT. FLYING CAR - SKY - NIGHT 284

285 ON PATCH as he drives speedily through the starry sky. 285

286 He blows the horn, plays the PATCH theme. 286

.../...

287 EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE SKY - NIGHT 287

SANTA's sleigh flying at a slower rate, as he tries to cheer himself up by acting as if it's the reindeer whose spirits need lifting:

SANTA CLAUS
(false heartiness)
Well, don't let it get you down, boys. It's still our night, all right.

Continued on page 84

289 NEW ANGLE-- Ahead of them is the outline of the New York skyline looking up. 289

290 SANTA CLAUS 290
There's still all the beautiful trees and the windows welcoming us with their red and green---
(suddenly)
Oh.

291 WHAT HE SEES: DOWN BELOW, puce lights wink and flicker from every window. Even the Empire State Building is lit puce instead of the familiar red and green. 291

292 C.U. SANTA-- considerably disheartened. 292

SANTA CLAUS
Well...seems as if the public is a little more fickle than I----
(peers down, smiles)
Ah. At least somebody down there likes me.

293 Over JOE, waving his hand at the sleigh silhouetted against the New York skyline. 293***

294 WIDE-- The reindeer go in for a landing on the tenement roof. 294

295 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT 295

WIDE-- The sleigh lands.

296 JOE stands watching some fifteen feet away. 296

For a moment SANTA remains in the vehicle. The moment is charged with quiet emotion; both are really happy to see each other again. SANTA gets out; his age is showing. ***

CLOSER

SANTA CLAUS
Joe.
(a bit tentatively)
Hello.

JOE's customary attempt to be cool and not reveal his vulnerability marks his initial response:

JOE
Hey, how's it goin'?

SANTA CLAUS
(equally restrained)
Pretty well. Yourself?

JOE
Oh, me, I'm...er...
(suddenly, unable to hide his feelings)
I was afraid you'd forget about me.

.../...

And he runs to SANTA and hugs him.

SANTA CLAUS
(moved)
Well, it seems I've still got one friend left.

JOE
Oh hey, are you kiddin'? I'm your pal for life, honest. Oh hey, listen---
(worried)
There was this wierd guy on television, this patch-natch-scratch-- guy, and he said---

SANTA CLAUS
I know, I know. Don't worry about it.

JOE
Oh, that's cool then.
296A (goes to the Reindeer) 296A
Hiya, Blitzen! Donner, how's it goin', man? Hey, Comet, awright!

The three REINDEER shake their heads and smile at the little boy. ***

296B FAVOURING SANTA-- fondly watching him. He climbs on board. 296B

SANTA CLAUS
Coming?

JOE
(he had hoped for this)
Neat!

As he joins SANTA in the sleigh, SANTA reaches below the seat and takes something out.

SANTA CLAUS
Oh, I almost forgot. This is for you.

He hands JOE the package.

JOE
(stunned)
For me? A present?

SANTA CLAUS
Yup.

INSERT: JOE unwraps the carved figure of an elf.

JOE
Excellent! Thanks. Did Corny get something?
(shyly)
That...um...that girl.....

.../...

SANTA CLAUS +++
(ultra-casually) +++
You see much of her? +++

JOE +++
(gulp!) +++
....Actually, yes, actually. +++

SANTA CLAUS
(amused)
Sure I've brought her something. ***
Writes a lovely letter, that girl.
Asked for a toy piano. Well? C'mon??

JOE
Huh?

SANTA CLAUS
Where's the "Yo"?

JOE
(remembering)
Oh, right!
(calls out loud
and clear)
YO!

297 The reindeer rear back and take off into the sky. 297

298 EXT. SURBURBAN STREET - MORNING 298

ESTABLISHING SHOT-- typical street with houses, Christmas decorations, snow-covered yards, etc.

299 INT. SUBURBAN LIVING ROOM - DAY 299

The classic moment. An adorable LITTLE BOY, aged about 5, comes running, still in his pyjamas, racing for the Christmas tree. He goes right for the little patchwork package.

CLOSER-- as he unwraps it. Inside is a little puce lollipop.

EVEN CLOSER-- In the centre of the translucent candy shines one single magic grain, making it glow like a gem.

NEW ANGLE-- The LITTLE BOY begins to eat the lollipop. And then a remarkable thing happens:

He rises into the air! Levitates. Hovers. His expression is one of total astonishment and pure delight. He begins to hover about the living room, four or five feet above the ground. In other words, the phenomenon of PATCH's toy is that it enables kids not to fly, but to walk on air.

He settles back down to earth again and walks into the pantry.

300 INT. PANTRY - DAY 300

THE BOY'S MOTHER stands in the pantry preparing breakfast. Above her and to the right on a high shelf is a cannister marked "COOKIES".

.../..

SANTA CLAUS
(amused)
Oh, her. Sure. Writes a lovely letter, that girl. Asked for a toy piano. Well? C'mon??

JOE
Huh?

SANTA CLAUS
Where's the "Yo"?

JOE
(remembering)
Oh, right!
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ESTABLISHING SHOT-- typical street with houses, Christmas decorations, snow-covered yards, etc.

299

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300 INT. PANTRY - DAY

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.../...

LITTLE BOY (o.s.)
Mommy, can I have a cookie.

MOTHER
Before breakfast? Absolutely not!

To her astonishment, the hand of the BOY suddenly appears coming in FROM RIGHT OF FRAME, WAY ABOVE HER HEAD, and grabs the cookies.

301 EXT. CITY PLAYGROUND - DAY 301

CAMERA TRACKS ON ONE SIDE OF A WOODEN FENCE, ADJACENT TO A SCHOOL-YARD PLAYGROUND. ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE, WALKING ALONG, are a BOY and a GIRL of 12. All we can SEE from this side of the fence are their two heads, the same height, as they stroll and talk.

GIRL
(flirtatiously)
Gee, I never noticed you in the neighborhood before.

BOY
(swaggering)
Oh yeah. I been here quite a while. I sure noticed you.

GIRL
You're real cute.
(giggles)

By now, they reach the end of the fence. As they turn the corner and walk into the street, we SEE for the first time that, although the GIRL is walking normally, the BOY is walking alongside of her about a foot and a half off the ground, so that he seems as tall as she is. As they CONTINUE
302 OUT OF FRAME, CAMERA PANS TO the playground basketball court, 302 where TWO BIG GUYS, well over six feet, are playing a pick-up game of one-on-one, making swift moves. Suddenly a little eight-year old BOY, less than half their size, darts on to the court. He steals the ball on a bounce pass and starts to dribble toward the hoop.

FIRST BIG GUY
Hey, kid, gimme that ball!

He reaches over to block the KID's shot when-- to his amazement -- the KID swoops up five feet over his head, does a reverse twist and slam-dunks the ball like Doctor J at his best. Not only that, the KID doesn't come down!

Sound: Dog barking repeatedly.

303 PAN TO a furious little dog who is nipping at the heels of 303 ANOTHER KID who floats five feet above him, driving the dog nuts.

.../...

304 INT. CORNELIA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 304

CORNELIA sits on the thick rug picking out "Jingle Bells" -- a tune associated with SANTA-- on her new toy piano. The red-and-green wrappings in evidence nearby. On the other side of the room, the hefty nanny, MISS TUCKER, holds the still un-opened PATCH package in her hand.

MISS TUCKER
But don't you want to try it?

CORNELIA
(adamant and loyal)
I certainly do not.

MISS TUCKER
Well...it seems a shame to let it go to waste...Do you mind if I take it?

CORNELIA
(goes on picking out the melody)
I don't care.

ON MISS TUCKER-- She unwraps the glittering puce lollipop and -- never a delicate eater -- eats the whole thing in one big bite. She stands frozen, trembling, waiting. Then the magic starts to happen. She rises from the rug.

MISS TUCKER
Whoooo!

She hovers there like a balloon, then giggles.

MISS TUCKER
Oh, my goodness!

She begins flapping her arms like wings, scooting through the air like an overweight hen trying to get airborne.

MISS TUCKER
(giddily laughing)
Oooooooh! Look at me! I feel just like Mary Poppins.

305 EXT. SMALL TOWN STREET - DAY 305

A sad SANTA walks down a residential street, mired in gloom. Muttering to himself, he proceeds to turn the corner, where his attention is arrested by a big waste basket in front of him. It contains about six of his red-and-green presents, not even unwrapped, just tossed in the garbage by uncaring kids.

As he shakes his head despondently, TWO KIDS turn the corner and bump into him, knocking him over.

.../...

FIRST KID
Watch it, mister!

SECOND KID
Look where you're goin'.

FIRST KID
(eyes him up and down)
Hey mister, you oughta get yourself another outfit. What do you want to dress up like that loser for? ***

As they start to walk on:

SANTA CLAUS +++
Say, boys---

FIRST KID +++
Yeah?

SANTA CLAUS +++
May I ask you something? What did you get this Christmas?

FIRST KID +++
The puce pop, man! The greatest!

SECOND KID +++
I thought I'd never come down!

SANTA CLAUS +++
And what did you give this Christmas?

The KIDS look at him uncomprehendingly. +++

SECOND KID +++
What did we what?

SANTA CLAUS +++
Give.

FIRST KID +++
"Give"?
(to his pal)
What's he talkin' about?

SECOND KID +++
(dismissing it)
Who cares?

And they walk away, leaving the formerly merriest man in the world looking the saddest.

306 INT. ELF COMPOUND - DAY 306 //

The sleigh returns to home base, but moving much slower than usual.

.../...

307 INT. TOY TUNNEL - DAY 307

A haggard and depressed SANTA CLAUS gets out of the sleigh. DONNER looks at him worriedly as he slowly walks toward his house. A relieved ANYA and DOOLEY rush to him. BOOG, HONKA and VOUT take care of the exhausted reindeer. +++

ANYA
Where were you?

SANTA CLAUS
(dully)
Out.

ANYA
What's the matter?

With a hopeless, despairing gesture of "I don't want to talk about it", he just walks past them. HOLD ON ANYA and DOOLEY, exchanging alarmed, worried looks.

308 INT. B.Z.'s OFFICE - DAY 308

The room is packed with REPORTERS, PHOTOGRAPHERS, T.V. CREWS etc. B.Z., at his desk, holding a press conference, extends a hand and indicates PATCH who once again wears his snazzy T.V. costume for the press conference.

B.Z.
Ask him anything, boys.

Contd
Page
90

We now notice that B.Z. in honour of the occasion wears a patchwork pattern shirt with his usual dark grey suit.

A REPORTER
Where do you come from?

PATCH
Top of the world. ***

B.Z. ***
(expansively) ***
That's how we all feel today! ***

A SECOND REPORTER ***
Do you work for this company? ***

PATCH ***
Currently I'm elf-employed.

SECOND REPORTER ***
What's in those lollipops?

B.Z. ***
(quickly, defensively)
Only natural ingredients. No *** ***
additives.

A THIRD REPORTER ***
Mr. Patch, has the National Space *** ***
Agency contacted you yet? ***
(laughter)

PATCH ***
(has no idea what he means) ***
Who? ***

THIRD REPORTER ***
The astronauts. ***

PATCH ***
(utterly guileless) ***
They'll have to write Santa Claus just *** ***
like all the other boys and girls.

Before anyone can probe this mystifying response further, B.Z. quickly throws a paternal arm around PATCH's shoulder, looking like Mr. Nice Guy as the cameras click.

B.Z.
All we want to do is bring joy and happiness to the children of the world. And that's why I'm proud to announce that beginning today my pal Patch here is exclusive with B.Z. Toys.

REACTIONS-- gasps and murmurs and excited whispering. Cameras whirr and snap as B.Z. and PATCH pose arm-in-arm, big grins on their faces.

SCENE CONTD

We now notice that B.Z. in honour of the occasion wears a patchwork pattern shirt with his usual dark grey suit.

A REPORTER
Where do you come from?

PATCH
Up North.

A SECOND REPORTER
How did you do it? What's in those lollipops?

PATCH
Something called a Trade Secret.
(winks)

A THIRD REPORTER
Why did the anti-gravity effect only last twenty-four hours?

PATCH
(impish grin)
It wasn't an all-year sucker.
(everyone laughs)

B.Z. throws a paternal arm around his shoulders, looking like Mr. Nice Guy as the cameras click.

B.Z.
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REACTIONS-- gasps and murmurs and excited whispering. Cameras whirr and snap as B.Z. and PATCH pose arm-in-arm, big grins on their faces.

B.Z.
Boys, let me tell you-- I owe all this good fortune to me, my elf and I!

A REPORTER
What about the fact that the Senate Sub-Committee on Toy safety cited this company for fifteen separate violations of---

C.U. B.Z.-- quickly trying to nip this line of questioning in the bud, he interrupts the REPORTER.

.../...

NEW PAGE: 18/9/84

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C.U. B.Z.-- quickly trying to nip this line of questioning in the bud, he interrupts the REPORTER.

CONTD
PAGE
91

B.Z.
(all false affability)
Okay, ladies and gentlemen, that's it for now. Thank you for coming.

None too subtly, B.Z., TANZER, MISS ABRUZZI and especially the brutish GRIZZARD begin to herd the PRESS out of the room. ***

309 As the last REPORTER exits, B.Z. remains behind with PATCH, locking the door behind them. 309

PATCH
(troubled)
What was that he said about a Senate Sub-Committee?

B.Z.
That's just typical newspaper garbage. Silly stuff. Don't take it seriously.

PATCH
(still disquieted)
What was that business about our future plans?

B.Z.
The future is ours, Patch!

PATCH
But I'm going back to the North Pole.

B.Z.
Says who?

PATCH
Well...nobody, yet. But now that I've shown Santa Claus what I can do, it's for sure he'll send for me to come home.

B.Z.
(doesn't want to hear that stuff)
Why would you want to do that? What does the North Pole have that New York doesn't? Ice and Polar Bears.

PATCH
(simply)
And Santa Claus. And my friends.

B.Z.
(trying another tack)
Awright, awright, I'll tell you what. Just do me one favour before you go.
(sensing PATCH's hesitation, playing on his vulnerability)
CONTD *** +++ +++

.../...

B.Z.
(all false affability)
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(simply)
And Santa Claus. And my friends.

B.Z.
(trying another tack)
Awright, awright, I'll tell you what. Just do me one favour before you go.
(intensely)
Will you?

PATCH
What is it?

.../...

B.Z. (contd) +++
Hey, sweetheart, c'mon...you owe me. +++
You owe those marvellous kids who put +++
their faith in you, right? Am I right? +++
C'mon, this is for them, for the kids
of this miserable old world.
(pause for effect)
So will you do it?

PATCH
What is it?

CONTD
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92

B.Z.
(moving in for the kill)
This magic stuff of yours, this stardust, this reindeer cornflakes, whatever it is that made the kids float on air--- What would happen if you, er, juiced up the formula? Made it stronger. ***

PATCH
Why it's elf-explanatory. It would make them fly.

B.Z.
(jaw drops)
You mean fly??? Like, fly---

PATCH
Like fly high in the sky. Ten times the stardust gives you ten times the height, ten times the power. Twenty times the stardust---

B.Z.
Could you do that? Before you go. It won't take long.

PATCH
Lollipops?

B.Z.
No, we already did that. That's yesterday's news. The consumer always wants a new model.

.../...
Contd

PATCH
(after a moment)
Candy canes?

B.Z.
(broad smile)
Candy canes! They're cute, they're simple-- Patch, you are some terrific elf!

PATCH
(flattered)
Well... I could convert the machines to do candy canes-- that would only take a week or two-- and then, I suppose... ***

B.Z.
(already planning his strategy)
Let's see, we'll launch the ad campaign tomorrow-- strike while the iron is hot, see-- and can I promise delivery in three months? ***

PATCH
Three months! But Christmas is a year away! ***

BEGIN TO MOVE IN TO C.U. B.Z. as:

B.Z.
When you've got a hit like we do, the public doesn't want to wait for a whole year. They're dying for a sequel.
(seeing it in his mind's eye now, excitedly)
A sequel! Yeah, that's it! We'll bring it out on March 7th and we'll call it Christmas II!!! ***

310 INT. SANTA CLAUS KITCHEN - NIGHT 310

A despondent SANTA sits at the table, his food untouched before him. Obviously worried, ANYA brings a hot apple pie to the table, sets it down. He doesn't even notice it.

He sighs deeply, more troubled than we've ever seen him.

SANTA CLAUS
Maybe the whole idea's no good anymore.

ANYA
What are you talking about? What idea?

SANTA CLAUS
(with difficulty)
...Christmas...

.../..

PATCH
(after a moment)
Candy canes?

B.Z.
(broad smile)
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PATCH
Three weeks! But Christmas is a year away!

BEGIN TO MOVE IN TO C.U. B.Z. as:

B.Z.
When you've got a hit like we did, the public doesn't want to wait for a whole year. They're dying for a sequel.
(seeing it in his mind's eye now, excitedly)
A sequel! Yeah, that's it! We'll bring it out on January 18th and we'll call it Christmas II!!!

310 INT. SANTA CLAUS KITCHEN - NIGHT 310

A despondent SANTA sits at the table, his food untouched before him. Obviously worried, ANYA brings a hot apple pie to the table, sets it down. He doesn't even notice it.

He sighs deeply, more troubled than we've ever seen him. ***

SANTA CLAUS ***
Maybe the whole idea's no good anymore. "

ANYA "
What are you talking about? What idea?

SANTA CLAUS
(with difficulty)
...Christmas...

.../..

ANYA
(genuinely shocked)
Claus!

SANTA CLAUS
The world's a different place now, Anya. You don't get to see it. Count yourself lucky.
(shakes his head)
The people, they just don't seem to care about giving a gift to see the light of happiness in a friend's eyes.
(groping for articulation)
It...just doesn't feel like Christmas anymore. Maybe this B.Z. fellow is smarter than I am. Maybe...maybe I'm just an old fool.

She quickly comes to him, hugs him to her breast, trying not to cry.

ANYA
Old-fashioned, maybe. But not a fool. Never a fool.

311 INT. B.Z. FACTORY - NIGHT 311***

In the vast high-tech B.Z. factory, PATCH sits at a control panel supervising robot-like machines which:

312 (IN VARIOUS SHOTS) stamp out puce-striped candy canes. The candy glitters very brightly with its extra amount of magic grain. 312

Sound: The machines make a steady mechanical sound, chunk-chunk, over and over.

312A ON PATCH-- CAMERA moves slowly on him. Faintly, we HEAR the joyful sounds of Season's Greetings in the elf village...and SEE as a superimposed image, all the happy activity, such a contrast to his present soulless environment. PATCH is lonely and homesick. 312A***

313 ON A GUAGE: Which suddenly registers Empty. PATCH is jarred out of his memory and back to the present. 313***

Contd/.....
Page 94

313 SCENE ON PREVIOUS PAGE 93A 313***

314 WIDE SHOT: The robot-machines come to a stop. 314

PATCH
Whoops. Time to put more stuff in the hopper.

315 He gets up from his control board and walks to a nearby door. FOLLOW HIM as he opens it and: 315

316 INT. STAIRS - B.Z. FACTORY - NIGHT 316

He descends a flight of metal stairs into:

317 INT. SUB-CELLAR - B.Z. FACTORY - NIGHT 317

A dark, dank, empty room, littered with old machine parts and junk. PATCH walks to a metal file cabinet, looks around to make sure he's alone, then opens the door.

ANGLE UP-- There, glowing brightly, is the sack with the supply of the magic grain inside. He climbs up, scoops out a quantity into a container, then closes the file cabinet door and starts back upstairs.

318 EXT. CORNELIA'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT 318

It's pouring with rain. A drenched JOE runs INTO FRAME towards his alley. He stops, looks at Cornelia's house as if making up his mind, then crosses the street and disappears behind Cornelia's house.

319 EXT. CORNELIA'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT 319

Still raining hard. JOE squeezes through the wrought iron gate and sneaks over to the side of the building. He picks up a pebble and tosses it against an upper window. A moment later, a lamp is turned on inside and we SEE this is Cornelia's bedroom. She comes to the window in her long flannel nightie, sees it's JOE. She opens the window, leans out.

JOE
Hi.
(he sneezes)

CORNELIA
(happy to see him)
Hi! Oh, you're soaked to the skin!

.../...

JOE
It's rainin'.
(he sneezes again)

CORNELIA
Come up, quick.

JOE runs to the side of the house and shinnies up the drain-pipe, then scampers across a ledge to her window and climbs in-- a juvenile Romeo in Juliet's house at last.

320 INT. CORNELIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 320

CORNELIA
Don't worry about Miss Tucker, she's asleep in her room and nothing wakes her.
(confidentially)
I think she likes brandy.

JOE sneezes again. In spite of her tender years, the maternal instinct that often appears in even young girls comes to the fore in CORNELIA. JOE, of course, secretly craves it.

CORNELIA
You've caught a cold!
(feels his forehead)
You're burning up!

JOE
(macho man)
I'll be awright.

CORNELIA
You stay out there and you'll be dead is what you'll be.
(making up her mind adamantly)
You're staying here.

JOE
I'm what?

CORNELIA
(conspiratorially, obviously quite thrilled)
There's an empty room in the basement near the furnace room. Nobody ever goes down there. I'll fix you a place to sleep on my old rubber raft from the summer and this house has tons of blankets and pillows--
(getting really excited)
--oh, please Joe, just till you get better.

JOE, moved by her concern, tries not to show it.

.../...

JOE
(gruffly)
Well, okay, but just till I shake this---
(sneeze)

Delighted, she rummages around in her bureau drawers.

CORNELIA
I'm going to go down and fix up your room, and I'll bring you a glass of o.j. and an aspirin--
(tossing some clothes to him)
Here. Get out of those wet clothes and put these on.

JOE
(mortally offended)
Girls' clothes???

CORNELIA
They're unisex. Now hurry up.

She leaves the room, a bundle of energy. JOE suspiciously looks at the clothes-- a pair of sweat pants and a T-shirt. On the front of the shirt is printed Miss Briley's School for Girls. Scowling, JOE turns it inside out before putting it on.

321 INT. SANTA'S QUARTERS - DAY 321

SANTA's depression seems even worse as he sits unmoving in his easy chair, staring off into space. A hesitant PUFFY is showing him a new toy design, a cuddly baby doll. In the background ANYA and some other ELVES are watching from the door, anxious to see if PUFFY can improve SANTA's spirits. ***

PUFFY
It's...it's a...new doll.

SANTA CLAUS
(dully)
A doll.

PUFFY
(hopeful)
Children ought to like it.

SANTA CLAUS
Does it fly?

PUFFY
It...er...wets.

SANTA pushes it aside.

.../...

322

322 INT. B.Z.'S OFFICE - DAY

OPEN ON a full page advertising display pinned to a bulletin board: it shows a full-colour illustration of Children soaring over the tops of skyscrapers, beaming with delight. In big letters: B.Z. TOYS AND PATCH PRESENT...CHRISTMAS II. YOU'LL BELIEVE A KID CAN FLY!! and in slighter smaller letters: ONLY $150.00 FOR THIS EXCITING OFFER! NO CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED.

PAN TO B.Z. at his desk, as MISS ABRUZZI hands him a printout.

MISS ABRUZZI
These are the figures on today's orders, B.Z.

B.Z.'s eyes widen with amazement as he looks them over.

B.Z.
This is just today's mail??!

MISS ABRUZZI
But where are they getting all the money from?

A QUICK SEQUENCE OF SHORT SCENES SHOWS THE ANSWER:

323

323 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A MOM and DAD asleep in their bed. The door to the bedroom quietly opens. Their SEVEN-YEAR-OLD SON sneaks into the room. Stealthily, he tiptoes to the chair where his father's pants are draped across the seat. Making sure not to make a sound, he reaches in the pocket, pulls out his Dad's wallet, removes a bunch of twenty-dollar bills, replaces the wallet and tiptoes out of the room.

324

324 INT. SCHOOL PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY ***

A worried TEACHER, distraught MOTHER and her thin child.

MOTHER
But it's impossible.

.../...
Contd

TEACHER
I'm telling you, Mrs. Hills, he hasn't eaten lunch for two weeks.

MOTHER
But I give him lunch money every morning! What could he be doing with it?

325 INT. LIVING ROOM - BLUE-COLLAR FAMILY - NIGHT 325

A blue-collar family's modest flat. A tearful CHILD watches while his distraught PARENTS argue:

FATHER
(angry, but feeling terrible)
What am I supposed to do, rob a bank?! I haven't got that kind of money!

The KID starts to cry. The FATHER furiously slams his hand on the table.

MOTHER
(upset)
Maybe I could get a part-time job....

326 EXT. CORNELIA'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT 326

It is raining. All the lights are out but one lamp in the study. ***

327 INT. FRONT HALL - NIGHT 327

B.Z. lets DR. TANZER in. The following conversation is conducted in normal conversational tones, though taking care not to wake anybody in the house with loud outbursts.

B.Z.
Good Lord, man! It's three in the morning! Haven't you ever heard of the telephone?

TANZER
(distraught)
I couldn't use the phone.

B.Z.
(sarcastically)
It's really quite simple, Tanzer. You pick up the receiver and then you dial those funny little numbers---

.../...

TANZER
(fearful, tense)
I didn't dare use the phone, B.Z.! I couldn't take the chance of anyone hearing.

B.Z.
(loudly)
Hearing what???
(lowering his voice)
Hearing what?

TANZER
(nervously looks around)
Are we alone?

B.Z.
My niece and her nanny are fast asleep.

328 INT. BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT 328

In the basement room, JOE lies on the inflated rubber raft with a thermometer in his mouth. CORNELIA sits beside him, having a wonderful time playing Florence Nightingale. She takes the thermometer out, looks at the temperature.

CORNELIA
99. You still have a temperature.

JOE
Four dopey points, big deal.

CORNELIA
(efficient little nurse)
More liquids, that's what you need. Vitamin C. Come on, let's get some orange juice.

329 They start up the cellar steps, quietly. As they get closer to the top stair to the door leading to the kitchen, they suddenly hear two men's voices. They look at each other in warning and freeze in place, listening. 329

330 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 330

As B.Z. pours himself a beer and gives TANZER a glass of cloudy water:

B.Z.
Tanzer, Tanzer, with you it's always some new melodrama. Well, let me tell you, my friend, today nothing can upset me.
(takes a hearty swig)
(cont)

.../...

B.Z.(cont)
Tanzer, the money is coming in so fast you'd think we were printing our own! Do you realise what this means, man?
(a blood curdling smile)
Santa Claus is finished!

331 INT. TOP OF THE CELLAR STAIRS 331

TIGHT TWO-SHOT, JOE AND CORNELIA-- horrified at what they hear.

332 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 332

B.Z.
(toasting himself, a little fuhrer)
I'm taking over Christmas! By next December they'll be writing to ME! B.Z.!

333 INT. TOP OF BASEMENT STAIRS 333

TIGHT ON JOE AND CORNELIA-- suddenly JOE's nose twitches in that unmistakable way. A look of horror on his face. He's going to sneeze. He tightens his upper lip. She sees what is happening, presses his lip with her finger. But to no avail:

JOE
Ah-choo!

334 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 334

Startled at the noise, B.Z. leaps to his feet.

B.Z.
What the hell---!

335 INT. BASEMENT STAIRS 335

JOE quickly pushes CORNELIA ahead, shoves her out of sight behind the wine rack in the cellar. Before he can hide himself, the door is flung open and B.Z. looks down, sees him. He races down, grabs him by the collar and hauls him back up the stairs.

B.Z.
Who are you? How'd you get in here?!

.../...

336

336 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A frantic TANZER opens the back door, whistles. A moment later the massive GRIZZARD charges in and grabs the struggling JOE who is biting the hand that holds him-- B.Z.'s.

B.Z.
Little bastard!

GRIZZARD grabs JOE tight but it's like trying to hold on to a wild animal.

GRIZZARD
Who is this kid?

B.Z.
Some damn little sneak thief--

JOE
(defiantly)
I heard what you said! You ain't never gonna beat Santa Claus! Never!! I'll tell him and he'll beat you, he'll get his guys--

FAVOURING B.Z.-- eyes narrow frighteningly.

B.Z.
(sinisterly)
Put this kid on ice. I'll deal with him later.

As GRIZZARD lifts the squirming JOE and clamps one beefy paw over his mouth to keep him from crying out, TANZER opens the back door to let them out.

337

337 INT. CELLAR

Hiding behind the wine rack, a terrified CORNELIA hears the commotion.

337A+++

337A INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

+++

B.Z.
See if there's any more of 'em down there! For all I know I could have a godamn nest of brats in the basement!

+++
+++
+++
+++

TOWZER rushes down the stairs to check.

+++

337B+++

337B INT. CELLAR

TOWZER looks around. Nobody there. (Where'd she go?)

+++

.../...

336 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 336

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337 INT. CELLAR 337

Hiding behind the wine rack, a terrified CORNELIA hears the commotion.

338 EXT. B.Z.'S HOUSE - NIGHT 338

GRIZZARD hauls JOE into the limo and drives away.

338A INT. TOY TUNNEL - NIGHT 338A

Footsteps echo in the empty tunnel. A moment later, a despondent SANTA appears, his lantern casting odd shadows on the bare walls. He looks at the scene of his former triumphs, sighs heavily, and trudges off. ***

/
.../...

.../...

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338A INT. TOY TUNNEL - NIGHT 338A

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CONTD
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339 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 339

B.Z.
(nerves getting a bit frayed by now)
Boy! Did you ever have one of those days where you just want to drop a bomb on the world?! First some damn kid in my basement and then you come waltzing in my house in the middle of the night and
(suddenly remembering)
Hey, yeah, Towzer, what the hell do you want anyway?

TOWZER
(frightened)
It's the candy canes.

B.Z.
What about them?

TOWZER
Something's wrong. They're dangerous. They explode!

B.Z. looks at him like he's nuts.

B.Z.
What the hell are you talking about?

TOWZER
This Patch guy.

B.Z.
Uh-huh.

TOWZER
He told me he keeps that secret ingredient of his in cold storage because it comes from the North Pole.

B.Z.
Uh-huh.

TOWZER
So when he started manufacturing the candy canes-- it's a very powerful mixture, you know---

B.Z.
Uh-huh.

TOWZER
So I just assumed I should refrigerate them too.

B.Z.
(exasperated)
Dammit, man, tell your story! Don't keep giving me these short sentences and making me go "uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh" like some kind of a moron.

.../..

339 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 339

B.Z.
Now what do you want?

TANZER
(frightened)
It's the candy canes.

B.Z.
What about them?

TANZER
Something's wrong. They're dangerous. They explode!

B.Z. looks at him like he's nuts.

B.Z.
What the hell are you talking about?

TANZER
This Patch guy.

B.Z.
Uh-huh.

TANZER
He told me he keeps that secret ingredient of his in cold storage because it comes from the North Pole.

B.Z.
Uh-huh.

TANZER
So when he started manufacturing the candy canes-- it's a very powerful mixture, you know---

B.Z.
Uh-huh.

TANZER
So I just assumed I should refrigerate them too.

B.Z.
(exasperated)
Dammit, man, tell your story! Don't keep giving me these short sentences and making me go "uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh" like some kind of a moron.

.../...

340

340 INT. BASEMENT

From her hiding place, CORNELIA strains to hear what they're saying. She spots an empty glass-- JOE's juice glass. She presses it to the wall, puts her ear to it to hear better.

341

341 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

TOWZER
I had to move one of the batches of candy canes to another part of the factory. I left one box next to a radiator in the lab.

B.Z.
And???

TOWZER
There's no more lab!

B.Z. chokes on his beer, sputtering and coughing. ZOOM PAST +++
THEM to the far kitchen wall, where the door to the dumbwaiter +++
is. TIGHT as we see CORNELIA's frightened eyes peering through +++
a crack in the dumbwaiter door, watching and hearing everything. +++

342 ///

342 SCENE DELETED

343

343 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

TOWZER
The candy canes exploded! They react to extreme heat and turn volatile!
(upset)
We've got to stop this!

B.Z.
Stop? Are you insane? Millions of dollars are pouring in every day, most of them in cash. Cash, man! Small, unmarked bills!

TOWZER
(protesting)
B.Z., this stuff can kill people!

.../..
Contd

340 INT. BASEMENT 340

From her hiding place, CORNELIA strains to hear what they're saying. She spots an empty glass-- JOE's juice glass. She presses it to the wall, puts her ear to it to hear better.

341 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 341

TANZER
I had to move one of the batches of candy canes to another part of the factory. I left one box next to a radiator in the lab. *

B.Z.
And???

TANZER
There's no more lab!

B.Z. chokes on his beer, sputtering and coughing.

342 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT 342

C.U. CORNELIA-- ear to the glass to the wall, aghast.

343 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 343

TANZER
The candy canes exploded! They react to extreme heat and turn volatile!
(upset)
We've got to stop this!

B.Z.
Stop? Are you insane? Millions of dollars are pouring in every day, most of them in cash. Cash, man! Small, unmarked bills!

TANZER
(protesting)
B.Z., this stuff can kill people! *

.../...
Contd

B.Z.
Are you going soft on me?

CAMERA BEGINS TO DOLLY SLOWLY FROM FULL SHOT OF B.Z. INTO TIGHT, TIGHT C.U. UNTIL AT THE END OF IT ONLY HIS EYES, NOSE AND MOUTH FILL THE ENTIRE SCREEN. AS:

B.Z.
(thinking hard)
Look, you idiot, who else knows about this?

TOWZER
Nobody, but---

B.Z.
What about Patch?

TOWZER
He was asleep on the other side of the building. He didn't hear anything.

B.Z.
Good. Don't tell him. Don't tell anybody!

ON THE DUMBWAITER-- The door opened a teeny bit more now and we can SEE CORNELIA hidden in there, frightened. +++ +++

344 SCENE DELETED 344

345 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 345

TOWZER
(sweating bullets)
But B.Z., these are children we're talking about.

B.Z.
(piously)
Yes, and who appreciates them better than I? These industrious little boys and girls saving up their nickles and dimes to get the magic candy cane I promised.
(snarling)
They'll get what they paid for, If these people are so reckless to have radiators in their homes---

TOWZER
Reckless!

B.Z.
(a barracuda smile)
Towzer, how does Brazil sound to you?
(TOWZER doesn't know what he means)

.../...

B.Z.
Are you going soft on me?

CAMERA BEGINS TO DOLLY SLOWLY FROM FULL SHOT OF B.Z. INTO TIGHT, TIGHT C.U. UNTIL AT THE END OF IT ONLY HIS EYES, NOSE AND MOUTH FILL THE ENTIRE SCREEN. AS:

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Nobody, but---

B.Z.
What about Patch?

TANZER
He was asleep on the other side of the building. He didn't hear anything.

B.Z.
Good. Don't tell him. Don't tell anybody!

344 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT 344

CORNELIA listening, frightened.

345 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 345

TANZER
(sweating bullets)
But B.Z., these are children we're talking about.

B.Z.
(piously)
Yes, and who appreciates them better than I? These industrious little boys and girls saving up their nickles and dimes to get the magic candy cane I promised.
(snarling)
They'll get what they paid for, If these people are so reckless to have radiators in their homes---

TANZER
Reckless!

B.Z.
(a barracuda smile)
Tanzer, how does Brazil sound to you?
(TANZER doesn't know what he means)

.../.

346 B.Z. pops open a fresh beer and starts to stroll out of the kitchen back into his study, TOWZER at his heels like a faithfull puppy. FOLLOW THEM AT A DISTANCE:

B.Z.
Sandy beaches, tropical breezes, big rum drinks with pineapple in 'em, senoritas in string bikinis, and, oh yes, no extradition proceedings.

TOWZER *** ***
(touched)
You mean---?

B.Z.
You and me, Eric. We'll take the cash and let the elf face the music.

By now they are in the study in B.G.

347 In F.G. CORNELIA, seeing her opportunity, tiptoes past the half open door and up the stairs to her bedroom. 347

A348 INT. B.Z. FACTORY - NIGHT A348

PATCH is comfortably curled up in the rumble seat of the car, reading a computer-robotic manual. (He has converted the rumble seat into an elf-sized mini-bed, with a pillow and quilt.) PATCH yawns, switches off the light, and pulls the rumble seat cover over his head.

348 EXT. B.Z. FACTORY - NIGHT 348

The limo pulls up to the factory. GRIZZARD hauls JOE, now gagged to keep him from making noises, into the building.

349 INT. B.Z. FACTORY - NIGHT 349

ON THE PATCHMOBILE-- DOLLY IN CLOSER TO THE BACK. All is still. We hear a gentle snoring.

NEW ANGLE-- As PATCH snoozes peacefully in B.G., GRIZZARD drags JOE across the room in F.G., going to the door leading to the sub-cellar.

350 INT. SUB-CELLAR 350

GRIZZARD has by now overpowered the child, who is limp, and he ties JOE up and manacles him to a water pipe. ANGLE REVERSE: ** they are not far from the steel filing cabinet where PATCH keeps his supply of stardust.

GRIZZARD
Lissen, kid, if you wanna die on me while I'm gone, be my guest.

He leaves the broken, sobbing JOE to his fate.

.../..

346 B.Z. pops open a fresh beer and starts to stroll out of the kitchen back into his study, TANZER at his heels like a faithfull puppy. FOLLOW THEM AT A DISTANCE:

B.Z.
Sandy beaches, tropical breezes, big rum drinks with pineapple in 'em, senoritas in string bikinis, and, oh yes, no extradition proceedings.

TANZER
(jaw drops)
You mean---?

B.Z.
You and me, John. We'll take the cash and let the elf face the music.

By now they are in the study in B.G.

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GRIZZARD
Lissen, kid, if you wanna die on me while I'm gone, be my guest.

He leaves the broken, sobbing JOE to his fate.

.../..

351 EXT. CORNELIA'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY 351

ESTABLISHING SHOT-- Morning light over the house.

352 INT. CORNELIA'S BEDROOM - DAY 352

She sits at her little writing desk, concentrating intensely on what she is writing, as we hear her voice on soundtrack reading. First she addresses the envelope:

CORNELIA (v.o.)
"To: Santa Claus
North Pole
EMERGENCY. OPEN IMMEDIATELY!"

Then she starts the letter:

CORNELIA (v.o.)
"Dear Santa-- You've got to help right away. Joe has been taken prisoner by a very bad man. I'm sorry to say he's a relation of mine, sort of. I'm scared he will hurt Joe, and---"

Suddenly the door is flung open. There stands MISS TUCKER, a glowering B.Z. behind her.

MISS TUCKER
Cornelia! What are you doing? You're ten minutes late for breakfast. //

Quickly, turning away from them, she crams the half-finished letter into the envelope and--

CORNELIA
I'm coming, I'm coming.

She runs out of the bedroom, leaving the letter behind. CAMERA REMAINS IN PLACE. The door shuts. NOW MOVE CLOSER TO THE LETTER.

353 EFFECTS: That little breeze, just like the one we saw earlier, blows the letter off the table, into the fireplace and up the chimney.

354 INT. STABLES - ELF VILLAGE - DAY 354

BOOG and HONKA wait with worried expressions while VOUT removes two thermometers from the mouths of COMET and CUPID.

VOUT
(reading them)
Just what I thought.

.../...

355 The two miserable red-eyed animals sneeze together. 355

356 INT. DOOLEY'S STUDY - DAY 356

A gloomy SANTA sits half-heartedly looking over the ledgers with DOOLEY. The fireplace IS IN THE SHOT, BEHIND THEM. A small *** fire is burning.

DOOLEY
I think we ought to order the first shipments of pinewood as early as April this time so we don't run short. Don't you agree, Santa?

As SANTA nods mechanically, a fluttering sound is heard; they turn to it. ZOOM TO FIREPLACE-- as CORNELIA'S letter drops down and lands on the stone hearth, all by its lonesome.

DOOLEY
What's this?

SANTA CLAUS
Looks like a letter.

DOOLEY
In January? A bit early for next Christmas, isn't it?

SANTA CLAUS
(with a sigh)
Maybe it got lost in the mail. You know the Post Office these days...

SANTA takes the letter, puzzles over the outside---

SANTA CLAUS
Familiar handwriting.

And opens it. And reads it. His eyes open wide, he leaps to his feet. He is, at last and quite suddenly, galvanized with energy.

SANTA CLAUS
It's Joe!! Saddle up the Reindeer!

DOOLEY
(stunned)
But it's only two weeks since they've been out!

SANTA CLAUS
This can't wait! Saddle up, I say!

357 BOOG, HONKA AND VOUT come bursting in.

BOOG
Sir---

.../...

SANTA CLAUS
Just the elves I wanted to see. Hitch up the team. We're flying out at 0900 hours.

BOOG
But that's what we came to tell you. It's Comet and Cupid---

SANTA CLAUS
What about them?

HONKA
They've got 'flu.

SANTA CLAUS
(serious, pondering)
Hmmm, what a break.
(decisively)
Well, I'll have to make do with six of 'em, then. Feed them! Hitch them up! Joe needs me!

As he bustles out of the room like General Patton preparing to storm the barricades, his lethargy vanished, his energy at maximum level.

358 INT. TOY TUNNEL - DAY 358

As a fired-up SANTA is about to climb in the sleigh, pulled by only six reindeer now, ANYA rushes down the tunnel.

ANYA
Wait!

SANTA CLAUS
I can't wait! What is it??

She races to him, breathless.

ANYA
Here. You'll need this.

INSERT: A little bottle of schnapps.

SANTA CLAUS
(very suprised)
How long have you had this?

ANYA
Since the tenth century. I was saving it for a special occasion.

.../...

He grins and pockets it. They kiss each other quickly. The whole scene has the urgency and momentum of a soldier going off to fight the battle of his life.

SANTA stands before them like a general exhorting his troops before a battle, a coach revving up his team before kick-off. Starts quiet and builds:

SANTA CLAUS
Boys, I know it's only a few weeks since Christmas. I know you're still beat to your hooves. I know you're looking forward to a year's rest and relaxation, and believe me, nobody deserves it more. Nobody!
(low-register)
But, boys, we've got ourselves one heck of a problem tonight. Our little pal Joe is in trouble. Big trouble. If we don't help him....
(grimly)
I don't want to think about what could happen. Now I know we're two short today, but by God, we've got to fly like the wind! Can you do it for me? Can you do it for little Joe????
SURE YOU CAN!!!

He fairly leaps into the seat and grabs the reins.

The TWINS look at each other, they straighten in unison, ready for action. BLITZEN stretches his head, for once leaving his passivity behind. DONNER, forgetting his nervousness, grits his teeth, and stands poised for flight.

SANTA CLAUS
So give me that extra effort. I'm counting on you!
(tugs the reins)
YO!

358A The six reindeer gallop down the tunnel and into the sky at terrific speed. 358A

359 INT. DOOLEY'S LIBRARY - DAY 359

ON ANYA, watching through the telescope. Brave but a little frightened, she staunchly waves goodbye like June Allison in one of those war movies watching her man go off to fight the Nazis.

360 EXT. ELF VILLAGE - DAY 360

The sleigh comes zooming out and is airborne.

361 INT. CORNELIA'S BEDROOM - DAY 361

A worried CORNELIA paces in her bedroom, when suddenly, with a great Whoosh! SANTA CLAUS pops down the chimney.

.../..

He grins and pockets it. They kiss each other quickly. The whole scene has the urgency and momentum of a soldier going off to fight the battle of his life.

NEW ANGLE-- He fairly leaps into the seat, grabs the reins. Now the pep talk:

SANTA CLAUS
(to his reindeer)
We're two short today and we've got to race like the wind, boys! But it's our little pal, Joe! He's in big trouble!

The TWINS look at each other, they straighten in unison, ready for action. BLITZEN stretches his head, for once leaving his passivity behind. DONNER, forgetting his nervousness, grits his teeth, and stands poised for flight. ***

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360 EXT. ELF VILLAGE - DAY 360

The sleigh comes zooming out and is airborne.

361 INT. CORNELIA'S BEDROOM - DAY 361

A worried CORNELIA paces in her bedroom, when suddenly, with a great Whoosh! SANTA CLAUS pops down the chimney.

CORNELIA
(immense relief)
It's you. Thank heavens!

SANTA CLAUS
(urgently)
How is he?

CORNELIA
I don't know!

SANTA CLAUS
Where is he?

CORNELIA
My step-uncle's got him. Listen--
(remembering her manners)
--I mean, excuse me, but I've got to tell you something else. Those candy canes---

.../..

CORNELIA
(immense relief)
It's you. Thank heavens!

SANTA CLAUS
(urgently)
How is he?

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I don't know!

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CORNELIA
My step-uncle's got him. Listen--
(remembering her manners)
--I mean, excuse me, but I've got to tell you something else. Those candy canes---

CONTD
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SANTA CLAUS
Tell me on the way.

362 EXT. SKY - DAY 362

WIDE-- The sleigh flies over the river towards the suburban site of B.Z. Toys.

363 CLOSE ON SANTA AND CORNELIA-- He's just heard the story. 363

SANTA CLAUS
They exploded?

CORNELIA
That's what he said. When they got hot. I called the Police but I don't think they believed me.

SANTA CLAUS
We haven't a second to lose---
(calls out)
On Donner! On Blitzen! On Dasher! On Vixen! On Cup---
(remembers)
Oh, I forgot. We've only got six.

CORNELIA
Times are tough, huh?

364 INT. B.Z. TOY FACTORY - DAY 364

FULL SHOT-- PATCH at his control board at the robot-machine candy makers.

365 Suddenly the machinery comes to a halt. 365

366 ON THE GUAGE: Registers Empty. 366

367 He leaves his post, goes to the door of the sub-cellar, enters. We hear his footsteps clattering down the metal staircase. 367

368 INT. SUB-CELLAR 368

TRACK WITH PATCH as he enters the dark, dank room and starts toward the metal filing cabinet. He stops as he hears the muffled crying sound of the bound and gagged JOE. Startled, he searches for the source of the sound and is astonished at the sight he sees.

PATCH
What---?! Oh my gosh---

He quickly starts to untie JOE, first removing the gag.

PATCH
(very upset, rattled)
What are you doing down here?

.../...

JOE
As if you didn't know, creep.

PATCH
Me????

JOE
(furious, through tears)
You're the one. You ruined Christmas.

PATCH
(outraged)
I never did!

By now JOE is free of his bonds. He stands, fists clenched, ready to fight at the drop of a hat.

JOE
He told me! He said the kids didn't like him no more on account of you!

PATCH
(feisty)
You don't even know Santa Claus.

JOE
Do so!

PATCH
Do not!

JOE
He said I was his only friend left, ya dumb punk!

PATCH
(upset as it dawns on him what he's done)
I...only wanted him to see what I was.

JOE lashes out in a fury, crying the while, punching and pummeling at PATCH not used to brawls.

JOE
Yeah! He seen what you are-- a big dummy stupid-head stink-face creep who made kids hate the best guy that ever---

In the furious struggle the carved wooden elf falls from JOE's pocket. MOVE TO IT as PATCH sees it, stops fighting and bends to pick it up.

ON PATCH-- as he sees what it is, his eyes mist.

PATCH
(almost a whisper)
...what is this?...

JOE
Gimme that, it's mine!

PATCH
Where did you get it?

JOE
He gave it to me. See? I told you I'm his best---

C.U. THE CARVED ELF-- a perfect replica of PATCH.

C.U. PATCH-- deeply moved.

PATCH
He does like me. He does like me after all.

JOE
(confused by this change)
Huh?

PATCH
(imbued with a new purpose now)
Come on, kid!

He starts to lead the way out of the room to the stairs.

JOE
Where we going?

PATCH
The North Pole. We'll both go. And for once, we'll bring Santa Claus a present!

JOE catches up.

369 INT. FACTORY - DAY 369

They have reached the great pile of candy canes ready to be wrapped for shipping.

PATCH
There's enough here to take care of all next year's Christmas orders.
(happily)
Santa Claus can take a year off! His first vacation-- won't that be great?

JOE
Hey, neat!

PATCH grabs up an armload of them starts toward the PATCHMOBILE.

He begins to load up the back rumble-seat area with candy canes.

.../...

9 INT. FACTORY - DAY (Contd) 369 Cont

JOE +++
(looking at the car) +++
How's this thing work? +++

PATCH +++
It's elf-propelled. +++

CONTD
PAGE
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370 EXT. SKY - DAY 370

Sleigh flying with SANTA AND CORNELIA. Sunset commencing.

371 INT. "HANGAR" FLOOR OF B.Z. FACTORY - DAY (DUSK) 371

The PATCHMOBILE is loaded up with candy canes in the back compartment; a tremendous pulsating glow emenates from them. JOE gets in the front seat next to PATCH. PATCH takes one of those gadgets that looks exactly like what people use to make their garage doors open electronically, pushes the button, and the big hangar doors open. The skyline in B.G. at dusk.

PATCH
(to JOE)
Fasten your safety belt.

JOE realizes he forgot, does so.

JOE
(excited)
Can I drive it later?

PATCH
Do you have a drivers license?

JOE
No.

PATCH
Sorry.

He steps on the gas.

372 With a great roar, the Patchmobile charges into the ozone and takes off like a rocket. 372

373/467 EXT. SKY - APPROACHING B.Z. FACTORY - DUSK 373/467

WIDE SHOT-- FROM HIGH ABOVE, COMING IN FROM RIGHT OF FRAME, THE SLEIGH APPROACHES THE FACTORY in time to see the Patchmobile charging up, up and away.

CLOSER ON THE SLEIGH--

CORNELIA ***
It's them! Both of them!
///

SANTA CLAUS
(suddenly his expression changes to one of great fear)
Oh no!!!!

.../...

370 EXT. SKY - DAY 370

Sleigh flying with SANTA AND CORNELIA. Sunset commencing.

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CLOSER ON THE SLEIGH--

SANTA CLAUS
It's them! Both of them!

CORNELIA
Can we catch them up?

SANTA CLAUS
We can try.
(suddenly his expression changes to one of great fear)
Oh no!!!!

.../...

CORNELIA
(frightened)
What is it?

SANTA CLAUS
Look!

P.O.V. ZOOM TO THE BACK OF THE RETREATING PATCHMOBILE-- The entire back seat area, covered by its metal roll-top, is glowing a hot puce from the concentrated lot of candy canes inside.

SANTA CLAUS
The candy canes! They're in the car with them!

CORNELIA
Patch doesn't know they explode.

SANTA CLAUS
(desperately, to the reindeer)
Faster, faster! Come on, boys, fly like the wind! Fly like you never flew before!!

FAVOURING THE REINDEER-- fire in their eyes, nostrils dilating, they surge forward with tremendous effort.

INDIVIDUAL SHOTS OF DONNER AND BLITZEN-- Making the effort of their lives.

THERE FOLLOWS A CHASE SEQUENCE THROUGH THE SKY, HEADING NORTH. IN RAPID CROSS-CUTTING BETWEEN THE PATCHMOBILE AND THE PURSUING SLEIGH, WE SEE THE FOLLOWING:

1. Zooming past sunset skies, moving out of the city to more natural landscape below, PATCH is giving JOE a demonstration of his nifty car.

JOE
Man, this is neat!

PATCH honks the horn; it plays his merry jingle.

PATCH
(proudly)
It does anything I want it to do!
Watch!

Clowning around, he begins swerving the wheel wildly, like a hot-rod guy showing off.

IN WIDE SHOT, the PATCHMOBILE lurches erractically through the sky in a "Falling Leaf" manoeuvre like a barn-stormer in an air show. JOE laughs delightedly.

.../...

2. The sleigh pursues doggedly. CLOSE SHOTS of the reindeer straining, beginning to show exhaustion.

CORNELIA
Can't they go any faster?

SANTA CLAUS
They usually get a year's rest!
They're doing their best!
(calls out)
Fly, lads, fly!

3. ON THE BACK SEAT OF THE CAR, the covered area containing the candy canes glows hotter.

4. INSIDE THE COVERED AREA-- the box of candy canes pitches and rolls wildly about as the car lurches and swoops. We now SEE a piece of the adjacent interior crack up, revealing open wiring. There is a spark, then another, then the wiring begins to spark and sizzle like a short circuit.

5. JOE and PATCH, unaware of the danger, having a ball as they put the car through acrobatic stunts.

6. BLITZEN's tongue is hanging out by now; he pants heavily.

7. IN LONG SHOTS, WE SEE the sleigh is gaining on the car.

8. IN THE CAR, the two guys are enjoying themselves and don't realise the sleigh is behind them.

9. IN THE BACK SEAT INTERIOR, the sparks and the rapid rolling are causing the candy canes to heat up. Smoke begins to curl from them and the stardust glows hotter.

10. FROM SANTA'S P.O.V., he and CORNELIA can now see the smoke and sparks rising from the back of the car.

SANTA CLAUS
Oh my god!

CORNELIA
(screaming, trying to warn them)
Joe! Joe!

SANTA CLAUS ++
(frantic, to the reindeer) ++
Come on, boys! It's Patch in there! ++
If you love him like he loves you, then ++
give me everything you've got!!! ++

11. Now the car begins to be affected by the pyrotechnics going on in back. It suddenly begins to shimmy violently in extreme turbulence.

C.U. PATCH-- Alarmed, unable to control it, as the steering wheel shakes in his hands.

ON JOE-- He looks behind, sees the thick smoke and curls of flame coming from the back of the car.

JOE
Something's happening! Patch!

2. The sleigh pursues doggedly. CLOSE SHOTS of the reindeer straining, beginning to show exhaustion.

CORNELIA
Can't they go any faster?

SANTA CLAUS
They usually get a year's rest!
They're doing their best!
(calls out)
Fly, lads, fly!

3. ON THE BACK SEAT OF THE CAR, the covered area containing the candy canes glows hotter.

4. INSIDE THE COVERED AREA-- the box of candy canes pitches and rolls wildly about as the car lurches and swoops. We now SEE a piece of the adjacent interior crack up, revealing open wiring. There is a spark, then another, then the wiring begins to spark and sizzle like a short circuit.

5. JOE and PATCH, unaware of the danger, having a ball as they put the car through acrobatic stunts.

6. BLITZEN's tongue is hanging out by now; he pants heavily.

7. IN LONG SHOTS, WE SEE the sleigh is gaining on the car.

8. IN THE CAR, the two guys are enjoying themselves and don't realise the sleigh is behind them.

9. IN THE BACK SEAT INTERIOR, the sparks and the rapid rolling are causing the candy canes to heat up. Smoke begins to curl from them and the stardust glows hotter.

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JOE
Something's happening! Patch!

12. WIDE SHOT-- The sleigh is just behind the car now, gaining fast.

CLOSER as:

CORNELIA
Do something!

SANTA CLAUS
The Super-Duper-Looper! It's the only way!

C.U. DONNER-- Terrified at the thought.

SANTA CLAUS
Come on, Donner! You can do it, boy, I know you can do it!

INSERT -- LEAD REINDEER -- heads down.

INSERT-- Sleigh runners dip sharply.

LONG SHOT-- The sleigh climbs into the first arc of the Super-Duper-Looper. As it gets to the point where DONNER habitually fails--

C.U. DONNER-- Gritting his teeth, making the supreme effort.

WIDE SHOT-- With an awesome surge, the reindeer continue up and do the loop-the-loop, curling under the Patchmobile.

FROM THE PATCHMOBILE-- A startled PATCH and JOE suddenly see the sleigh rising up straight in front of them.

PATCH jams on the brakes to avoid the collission.

At precisely that moment, in an awesome display, the candy canes explode and the Patchmobile flies apart. The big toy-like parts go hurtling into the air as the back end goes off like a bomb. PATCH AND JOE are flung straight up into the sky, the elf still holding onto the steering wheel that is now attached to nothing. They begin to plummet down through the sky.

BELOW THEM, at the last possible second, the sleigh reaches the bottom of the loop-the-loop so that the falling elf and boy land safely with a hard bang right in the back of the sleigh.

Joy. CORNELIA hugs JOE.

PATCH
(shaken but grateful, to reindeer)
Oh my boys, I've seen some reindeer in my time, but you're the best! The best!

SANTA CLAUS
We did it! We did it!

JOE
Awright, Donner! Way to go!

ON DONNER AND BLITZEN-- BLITZEN leans over and licks the face of the exhausted but triumphantly happy DONNER.

LONG SHOT-- The sleigh flies North.

.../..

12. WIDE SHOT-- The sleigh is just behind the car now, gaining fast.

CLOSER as:

CORNELIA
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.../...

468 INT. B.Z. OFFICE - DUSK 468***

B.Z. sits at his desk when he suddenly hears:

Sound: Police sirens right outside. Cars braking to a stop.

He rushes to the window and looks down.

469 HIS P.O.V.: Five squad cars surround the building. COPS everywhere. A moment later, TANZER AND GRIZZARD are hauled out of the building in handcuffs and shoved into police cars. 469

470 ON B.Z.-- Pure terror. In a panic, he looks around wildly, trying to figure what to do. 470

VOICE ON BULLHORN
All right, B.Z., we know you're in there. Just come out with your hands held high.

He runs to the front of his desk, yanks open the top right drawer.

TIGHT ANGLE DOWN-- It's filled with candy canes, about nine of them. He grabs them.

ON B.Z.-- Frantically cramming the candy canes into his mouth, chewing and swallowing rapidly as he can.

471 Outside the door, we hear the police approaching. 471

POLICEMAN'S VOICE (o.s.)
Open up in there!

472 Still gulping down candy canes, B.Z. races to the window, flings it open. 472

473 He climbs out on the ledge just as the POLICE break the door down. FIVE COPS rush in, guns drawn. 473

474 B.Z. leaps off the ledge. But instead of falling: 474

475 EXT. B.Z. FACTORY - DUSK 475***

He shoots straight up like a rocket, propelled by the overdose of magic candy canes.

476 ON THE WINDOW-- The amazed COPS rush to the window and look up, unable to believe their eyes. 476

477 ANGLE UP-- B.Z. rockets through the sky heading straight upwards like an Apollo missile, getting smaller and smaller, just a bright dot in the heavens now. 477

478 EXT. DEEP SPACE 478

FULL SHOT-- Suspended in deep space, hanging there, kicking

.../...

and howling, as meteors and satellites and space garbage swirl around him. B.Z. is stuck in the stratosphere.

B.Z.
Get me down! Get me out of here!

But, as they say, in space no one can hear you scream. And we leave him there forever, literally hoist on his own petard.

479 INT. ELF COMPOUND - NIGHT 479

ANYA, DOOLEY, PUFFY, HONKA, BOOG, VOUT, SANTA CLAUS, JOE and CORNELIA surround a happy, grateful PATCH and raise their tankards in a toast. ***

ALL +++
Good elf!

PATCH
I never knew the candy canes would elf-destruct. I never meant to hurt anybody.

ANYA
(hugs him)
You couldn't hurt a fly.

PATCH
I just wanted you not to forget me.

SANTA CLAUS
Patch, whatever else you are, you're unforgettable.

PATCH +++
Santa Claus, starting right now I'm going +-
to start a course of elf-improvement and +++
make you proud. +++

SANTA CLAUS +++
(fondly) +++
Proud? I was always proud of you, Patch, +++
no matter what. +++

With all the attention on PATCH, they don't notice that JOE is feeling a little left-out and wanders a little bit away, looking around.

ON SANTA-- seeing him.

SANTA CLAUS
You've had quite a night, eh, Joe?

JOE
(always trying to be super-cool)
Yeah, it was okay....

ANYA
Can I get you a nice cup of hot chocolate?

JOE
Nah, that's awright, I don't want any, thanks.

Feeling awkward and ill-at-ease, he puts his hands in his pockets, kicks at the ground, shuffles a few yards further away.

ON SANTA-- watching him with great love. .../..

and howling, as meteors and satellites and space garbage swirl around him. B.Z. is stuck in the stratosphere.

B.Z.
Get me down! Get me out of here!

But, as they say, in space no one can hear you scream. And we leave him there forever, literally hoist on his own petard.

479 INT. ELF COMPOUND - NIGHT 479

ANYA, DOOLEY, PUFFY, HONKA, BOOG, ODIO, VOUT and a cluster of happy ELVES surround the happy, exhausted SANTA CLAUS, PATCH, JOE and CORNELIA.

PATCH
I never knew the candy canes would elf-destruct. I never meant to hurt anybody.

ANYA
(hugs him)
You couldn't hurt a fly.

PATCH
I just wanted you not to forget me.

SANTA CLAUS
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ON SANTA-- watching him with great love.

.../...

SANTA CLAUS
You don't want hot chocolate. You won't ask for a present, If it wasn't for you, the world might never see another Christmas, and yet of all the children in the world you're the only one who didn't get anything. Joe---
(JOE turns, hesitant)
Joe, isn't there anything you want?

FAVOURING JOE-- He kicks at the floor, half-turned away, doing his tough guy routine half-heartedly:

JOE
Me? Nah, I...I don't need--
(suddenly it comes bursting out in a flood of emotion)
I want to stay with you. I want to be your kid.

A joyful, tearful SANTA CLAUS and ANYA hold out their arms and JOE rushes into them. They hug him tightly. This is the greatest miracle of all-- the man and woman who never had a child of their own now have at last gotten the son they've always wanted.

FAVOURING CORNELIA, who stands apart from the tight-knit family group.

JOE
What about Corny?

All eyes turn to her.

CORNELIA
(with irresistable sweetness)
Can I stay?
(pretty please)
Just till next Christmas? Please...?

JOE
(to SANTA)
You could give her a lift home next year....?

ON SANTA AND ANYA-- He looks at her. She looks at him. He thinks it over. Then:

SANTA CLAUS
Well.....
(makes up his mind, turns to his trusted advisor:)
Dooley---

.../...

DOOLEY
As if I don't have enough to do, now I'm going to have to be a school-teacher!

JOE AND CORNELIA
SCHOOL?!

SANTA CLAUS laughs his merry "Ho-ho-ho!" PATCH and PUFFY shake hands in newfound comaraderie and join the other ELVES in happy mirth:

480 EXT. ELF VILLAGE - NIGHT 480

CAMERA BEGINS TO RISE (HELICOPTER SHOT) AND WIDEN, PULLING AWAY FROM THE VILLAGE. From a great height, it seems to "disappear" into the icy landscape, as above the area the twinkling, crystalline coloured lights of the spectral Christmas Tree fill the sky as in the beginning.

At this point, we HEAR on soundtrack the VOICE of a CHILD-- no more than five years old-- writing a letter to SANTA: +++

CHILD'S VOICE (v.o.)
Dear Santa Claus. My name is Jimmy. I'm sorry last year how I threw away your present. Will you be my friend again? This Christmas I would like a bicycle and a baseball bat and....

As VOICE continues, a LITTLE GIRL'S VOICE comes in over it: +++

LITTLE GIRL'S VOICE (v.o.)
Dear Santa. I am glad you are all right. Really I didn't like that lollipop last year it made me air-sick. Since then I have been a good girl and I would like a doll with curly red hair....

Another VOICE comes in, overlapping: +++

THIRD VOICE (v.o.)
Please don't be mad about last year. My little brother wants a guitar but my mom says...

Now, bit by bit, more and more childrens' voices are heard, in all the languages of the world, writing their letters, making their apologies, asking for toys. The sounds begin to blend in an indistinct cacophony, a choir of kids. +++

CAMERA RISES TO THE TOP OF THE "CHRISTMAS TREE"-- and there, shining brightly in the winter sky, is the North Star, And it is

THE END

DOOLEY
(fussily:)
As if I don't have enough to do, now I'm going to have to be a school-teacher!

JOE AND CORNELIA
SCHOOL?!

SANTA CLAUS laughs his merry "Ho-ho-ho!" PATCH and PUFFY *** shake hands in newfound comaraderie and join the other ELVES in happy mirth:

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